LATEST WAR NEWS.

The Post

Sunday Special

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NO. 483. SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1914. [REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.]

PASSING OF "BOBS"

AT THE SEAT OF WAR.

GERMAN ATTACKS ON ALLIES.

Lord Roberts has died in France.

The veteran Field-Marshal was visiting the Indian troops serving in the Expeditionary Force. Adored by the Indian soldiers, his visit was looked upon as an important occasion.

Lord Roberts, who was 82 years of age, crossed the Channel this week, and contracted a chill soon after his arrival in France, the chill developing into pneumonia, with fatal results.

A German attack upon the great bridge head of Nieuport has failed.

The enemy's attempts to take the offensive to the east and south-east of Ypres have been checked.

In the region of Lassigny, and that of the Aisne, the Germans have attacked without success.

In the Argonne the struggle has begun again more fiercely.

Only a half-hearted response has been made by the enemy to the bombardment of British warships on the Belgian Coast.

German Headquarters claim to have repulsed a British attack at Lille, and to have made captures of French soldiers.

The Russian Great Headquarters report advance guard engagements between the Vistula and the Warta. Progress is being made in East Prussia, and five German howitzers have been captured near Soldau.

General Botha has inflicted a heavy defeat on De Wet. About 250 prisoners and two laagers have been taken. De Wet had about 2000 men with him, and his defeat has made a deep impression upon his followers.

Carrier pigeons are to be used for certain purposes in connection with His Majesty's forces

DEFEAT OF DE WET.

REBEL FORCE IS SURROUNDED,

And Attacked By Botha.

The Government of the Union of South Africa has sent a telegram to the Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies:—

"General Botha reported yesterday from Mushroom Valley (18 miles south-east of Winburg) that he left Winburg last night with his Transvaal commando, proceeding in the direction of Marquard. After a forced night march he got into touch with De Wet's forces.

"He then moved his forces north-east and east in order to surround the rebels. Colonel Brand marched at the same time from Winburg to Hoender Kop, where he got into touch with other portions of De Wet's force.

"General Lukin and Colonel Britz had been instructed to move towards Koerranaberg, so as to be able to cut off the retreat of the enemy in that direction.

"General Botha's commando attacked the rebels, and inflicted severe loss, the full extent of which has not been ascertained at the time of reporting.

"Colonel Brand's force killed several, wounded a number, and took over 100 prisoners, together with their whole laager, consisting of numerous carts, waggons, &c

"General Botha's own force captured 40 prisoners, but was still vigorously pursuing the enemy when the message was despatched."

General Botha telegraphed that the extent of De Wet's defeat is considerable. About 250 prisoners and two laagers have been taken. De Wet had about 2000 men with him, and his defeat has made a deep impression upon his followers.

PERJURY ADDED TO CHARGE

Against Man Accused of Posing As Doctor.

Harold Charles Edward Harrison, dispenser, giving an address as Loughton, Essex, was again brought up at West London Police Court yesterday for failing to report himself as a convict on license, and whilst posing as a doctor giving false certificate of death.

He was further charged with committing perjury at an inquest by falsely describing himself as a medical practitioner, and obtaining a fee as a medical witness by false pretences.

Accused, who said he had studied medicine, was committed for trial.

DEATH OF LORD ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR.

CONTRACTS CHILL WHILE VISITING TROOPS IN FRANCE.

STORIES OF VETERAN FIELD-MARSHAL'S REMARKABLE CAREER.

The Press Bureau last evening issued the following:—

Lord Kitchener announces, with deep regret, which he knows will be shared by the whole of the Army, that he received this evening the following telegram from Sir John French:—

Deeply regret to tell you that Lord Roberts died at eight o'clock this evening.—French.

Field-Marshal Lord Roberts was on a brief visit to France in order to greet the Indian troops, of which he was the Colonel-in-Chief. He contracted a chill on Thursday, and succumbed after a short illness to an attack of pneumonia.

DIED IN HARNESS.

There is something peculiarly pathetic about the end of our beloved "Bobs." He has died in harness if ever any one did, and the eyes of millions of Britons will dim at the contemplation of this seasoned old warrior, ripe in experience of warfare proceeding to France to see his brave soldiers fighting against the Prussians.

Had Britain only paid more heed to the wise words of the hero of Kandahar, the present European conflagration might never have occurred. With far-seeing vision, and with that love of his country which was his outstanding characteristic, Lord Roberts discerned the danger of a Germanic scheme for world power. In and out of season, gallant old "Bobs" preached the necessity of having a stronger army, but for the most part his wise words of counsel fell on ears which were deaf until the rude awakening.

There will be many a sob from the veterans who took part in the ever memorable march from Cabul to Kandahar, and the relief of Lucknow. As Kipling said of him:—

"He's little, but he's wise,
He's a terror for his size."

And it will be many a long day before the name of Lord Roberts of Kandahar is forgotten o'er Briton's wide Empire.

All his life a soldier, and taking part in the outstanding military operations connected with the Empire for the last sixty years, it is a pathetic circumstance that he should be cut off, even at a ripe old age, before witnessing the triumph of the nation of which he proved one of her noblest and most distinguished sons.

LORD ROBERTS' WONDERFUL CAREER.

Frederick Sleigh Roberts was born at Cawnpore, India, on 30th Sept., 1832, his father being General Sir Alexander Roberts, G.C.B., his mother being a daughter of Major Bunbury, 62d Foot, Kilfeacle, County Tipperary.

He was no stranger to the art of war, and in Abysinnia in 1868 he took part in the lively engagements there. Lord Roberts' generalship in the Afghan War was of a high order. In command of the Kuraw column he distinguished himself early in 1879, so that in that year he was appointed to lead the Army which was to avenge the murder of the British Resident at Cabul.

But it was in the great march from Cabul to Kandahar in the summer of 1880 which best illustrated his judgment and daring. On 8th August, he ha dhis column 1000 strong out of camp at Cabul, and on the last day of the same month he entered Kandahar, having covered in twenty-three days 320 miles, and this in sweltering heat. So rapid were his movements that he everywhere forestalled his nemies, and met with no opposition on the march.

His Great South African Campaign.

It is still fresh in the public memory that Lord Roberts, then in his 68th year was sent out in supreme command of the British forces. Lord Roberts' work in South Africa during the eleven months of his command can hardly be over-estimated. He reached the front when our armies were so broken in morale by continued defeats that they almost despaired of victory. In a few weeks he relieved Kimberley and Ladysmith captured Cronje with large Boer forces at Blomfontien.

Up to this point Lord Roberts did his work without check or mishap, and put new life into the British army and nation.

The march to Pretoria was a brilliant achievement, marked by extraordinary daring. The gold mines of the Rand, so important in the economic life of South Africa, were saved by his vigorous dash.

Thereafter the guerilla warfare in which De Wet and his comrades figured was effectively countered by gallant "Bobs," even although the war dragged out for nearly two years after the Field-Marshal took command.

Plot to Kill Lord Roberts.

During the South African campaign the discovery was made of several plots on the life of Lord Roberts.

One of these was unmasked soon after Lord Roberts' triumphal entry into Pretoria. The intention of the conspirators was to set fire to two large houses in the west end of the town. This, it was thought, would cause confusion, and lead to the assembling of the troops at the scene of the conflagration for the purpose of extinguishing the fire. In the meantime the residences of all the leading British officers were to be watched by armed men, and at the height of the uproar the assassins were to enter and make away with the occupants. Lord Roberts house was to be beset, and he was to be kidnapped and carried off on horseback to the nearest Boer commando.

The whole scheme was cleverly prepared, and had not the police got wind of the affair through one of the Boers turning informer the conseuences might have been most serious. The leader in the plot was instantly arrested, and at the trial was sentenced to death, and the sentence was duly carried out.

Plot to Kill Lord Roberts in Church.

At Johannesburg another still more dangerous plot was devised against the person of Lord Roberts. German desperadoes took an active share in the plot. The conspirators were anarchists, and the means to be employed were dynamite and bombs.

A detective taking his life in his hands concealed himself in a room where the conspirators met and learned the whole of the abominable plan.

An infernal machine was to be hidden in St Mary's Church, Johannesburg, in the seats that were occupied by Lord Roberts and his staff and were to be exploded during the service. The murder of Lord Roberts was planned for November 18, but three days before that date the police rounded up the dangerous gang.

BOB'S FAREWELL TO HIS TROOPS.

In his farewell address to his troops before handing his command in South Africa to Lord Kitchener, his successor, Lord Roberts said:—

"For months together in fierce heat, in biting cold, in pouring rain, you, my comrades, have marched and fought without halt and bivouached without shelter from the elements. You have frequently had to continue marching with your clothes in rags and your bots without soles, time being of such consequence that it was impossible for you to remain long enough in one place to refit. You have endured the sufferings inevitable in war to sick and wounded men far from the base without a murmur and even with cheerfulness.

"You have in fact acted up to the highest standards of patriotism by your conspicious kindness and humanity towards your enemies, your forbearance and good behaviour in the towns occupied by you. You have caused the Army of Great Britain to be as greatly respected as it must henceforth be greatly feared in South Africa . . . and now farewell."

How He Won the V.C.

The Victoria Cross was awarded to Lord Roberts when he was a lieutenant in the Bengal Artillery in 1858. Two Sepoys were seen in the distance going away with a standard. Lieutenant Roberts went after them, and engaged them both. They pointed their muskets at him, and one of the men pulled his trigger, but the cap did not explode, and Roberts immediately cut him down and seized the standard No soldier was more beloved and venerated by the nation, to which his name has long been a household word. When he was appointed Commander-in-Chief in the South African War, the feeling of admiration and respect for him was strengthened by the thought that he went forth fresh from the bereavement caused by the loss of his only son, the gallant and devoted Lieutenant Roberts, who had laid down his young life in the desperate attempt to save the guns at Colenso. In sacrificing his private sorrow at the public call, the Field-Marshal set a heroic example of resignation under affliction.

Soldiers Would Follow Him Anywhere.

As a leader of men, his sympathetic Irish temperament enabled him always to win the enthusiasm of his troops. They would have followed him anywhere. A few words from him at once raised the courage of the shattered and decimated Highland Brigade and restored to it the spirit which had marked it before Magersfontein.

His serenity of temper and self-restraint were extraordinary. When at Poplar Grove he saw his whole plan for the capture of the Boer Army deranged by the hesitation of a subordinate; though other great leaders would have stormed with rage, he uttered not a complaint or a reproach.

If he was popular in the best sense with the nation he was adored by the army, which knew him for an officer of the most remarkable personal courage, strategic insight, and equability. In the Indian Mutiny he won that highest distinction our army can gave—the Victoria Cross.

Small in Stature.

Small in stature as great in mind he was known among his men by one of those affectionate nicknames which testify to a commander's popularity with his soldiers. Just as Marlborough was christened by his troops "Corporal John," just as Napoleon was to Roberts was "Bobs" to his followers.

Never Used an Oath.

In his character was that strength which simple faith and reliance upon a Higher Power gives to the greatest among men. He was never known to use an oath. He never paraded his piety, never forced it upon those around him. Yet on every Sunday he attended Divine service.

CANADA'S VAST RESERVES OF MEN.

Few people are aware that, if pushed to the limit, Canada could place in the field, on service footing, an army of more than a million and a half men.

According to the latest census returns the figures of men of fighting age are:—

18 and 19 years,	143,807
20 to 24 years,	385,855
25 to 29 years,	370,494
30 to 34 years,	310,539
35 to 39 years,	257,675
40 to 44 years,	213,018
Total,	1,681,388

Up to the present Canada has sent 35,000 men to fight for the Empire in Europe.

DUNFERMLINE FATALITY.

Man Crushed to Death.

An accident involving the death of one man and the narrow escape of several others occurred last night at the Electric Power Company's generating station at Townhill, Dunfermline.

A number of men were engaged in loading heavy girders on a waggon by means of a crane when the crane suddenly overturned, pinning a labourer named James Cleary underneath. Cleary, who resided in a Dunfermline model lodging-house, died shortly after the accident. Several other men escaped narrowly.

Mr J. Milner, the local treasurer for Aberdeen of Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, has received the thanks of the managers for the sum of £20 1s 7d collected in the district.

A popular demand that the Prince of Wales should be appointed titular head of the new Welsh Army Corps is spreading throughout the Principality, and is being welcomed on all sides with typical Celtic enthusiasm.

The son of a prominent city councillor of Liverpool was rejected for the new army because he was under the standard height, though otherwise eligible, as he is a good shot, a fine horseman, and has roughed it in South Africa. He offered himself to France, and is about to be drafted into the French cavalry.

FRENCH GENERAL SAYS GERMANS

WILL NOT TRY TO INVADE BRITAIN.

ONLY TRADITIONAL BLUFF.

An eminent French General, whose age and health condemn him to inaction, reviewed at an interview the situation of the Allies after three months of war.

"It seems to me that the affairs of the Allies are proceeding excellently. Without speaking of the Russian victory, I will only review our theatre of operations. The Germans have just attempted an immense effort, neither the value nor the extent of which should be misconceived.

"Not only have they reinforced all their fighting units of whatever nature, but they have again created numerous new army corps, the major part of which are engaged in Belgium and in the North of France.

"For myself I find it remarkable that our forces have been able to withstand against such an effort, and not only do we appear to have withstood it, but to me the situation seems to have greatly changed to our advantage since a month ago.

Then and Now.

"Go back to the end of September, when the battle line stopped at the Aisne. From Verdun to Compiegne the armies faced each other on a line almost straight. A success on our part would only have pushed back the enemy without leading to a big strategic result.

"To-day our front, which is maintained from Verdun to the Compiegne region, stretches towards the north, following a line perpendicular to the first, and ending at Nieuport. Our line of combat forms then a true right angle and affects an enveloping line.

"It is the manœuvre particularly favoured by the Germans; it is the one which they particularly made succeed against us at the commencement of hostilities. I think it must enrage them to have to suffer it themselves; that is why you have seen them make all possible efforts to parry our movement towards the north, and to escape from our grip. At the same time they attempted to envelop the Belgian Army of Antwerp, to draw it towards the sea in order to cut it off from our left, but we arrived just in time to join up with it.

"At the present moment, it is on our left wing, and at the same time around Verdun, that they are making their decisive effort. These are, do not forget, the two directions where they do not risk being enveloped. They

Lord Roberts.

are also for them, their two most sensitive points, because a victory on our part would menace their lines of communication.

Only Bluff.

"I read everywhere in the press that the Germans want to get to Dunkirk, to Calais, to Boulogne, in order to invade Britain from these places. Say this aloud; this is traditional bluff, and we must not be trapped by it, neither must our faithful Allies, the British, be gulled by it.

"Without doubt the possession of the ports of Dunkirk, of Calais, and of Boulogne would give to the Germans shelter for their submarines; batteries established at Calais would embarrass the Anglo-French fleets in the use of the Straits; I recognise that it would be a great advantage for the enemy, but the principal result would be to throw back our left wing on to the River Somme, and thus to re-establish our front on a straight line.

"As to the disembarkment in Britain, once more that is, first of all, German bluff displayed before Europe, and, secondly, a mad hope that it will stop the British from sending further troops to the Continent.

"Besides, read the German press, you can see between the lines. Happily, the British are people of sound, common sense, and they are not likely to fall into so obvious a trap. How could the Germans attempt an invasion when the British, masters of the sea, can sink their transports. And with what force would they attempt it, when they have the utmost difficulty in making a stand against the Anglo-French forces, and are obliged to fall back before the Russians.

"The British understand that the best means of defending Britain is to retake all the Belgian sea coast and Antwerp, and that to recover Belgium the Germans must be vanquished.

What Has Been Achieved.

"Fine results have not ceased to be gained since the 5th of September; that is to say, since we took the offensive. The victory of the Marne; the retreat of the Germans to the Aisne; the extension of our front towards the North, giving it an enveloping form; the support of our left at the sea, thus hindering it from being turned; the reoccupation of a part of our territory to the north of the Somme; the Belgian Army delivered from the German hold, and its reconstruction by our side; the check of the double enveloping movement by the Germans around Verdun, through Saint Mihiel on the one hand and by the Argonne on the other; the retreat of the enemy in Lorraine and in the Vosges nearly to the line of the frontier—these are palpable and actual successes.

"And think of the difficulties we have had to conquer, reflect that scarcley a month ago the British were fighting to the East of Soissons, framed in our armies, and that now they are fighting before Lille, almost on the left wing.

"Think of the complication of movements of transport columns by rail that are necessitated by such conceptions, the success of operations so delicate is a sure sign of hope of attitude for the future.

"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, they say, but the days of the French Armies have been more than filled. Let us, however, be patient. The work is proceeding slowly but surely, and remember edifices hastily constructed are not the most enduring."

It is announced from Delhi that recruiting for the Indian Army is very good indeed, and is now far above normal. The number of recruits enlisted in October exceeded the total enrolled in six months in ordinary times.

FIERCE GERMAN ATTACKS REPULSED.

STRUGGLE REOPENS IN THE ARGONNE REGION.

ENEMY MAKES FEEBLE REPLY TO BRITISH BATTLESHIPS.

Paris, Saturday.

The following official communique was issued this evening:—

In the region of Lassigny and that of the Aisne, as far as Berry-au-Bac, the Germans have attacked without success.

In the Argonne the struggle has begun again more fiercely. The enemy vainly endeavoured to retake the Fort de Paris and St Hubert.

Around Verdun several partial offensives were stopped by our artillery fire before the forward movement of infantry could be started.

In the Woevre and Lorraine, where the weather has been bad, there is nothing to report.

In Belgium a German attack against the great Tete-de-Pont Bridge of Nieuport has failed.

Various attempts at an offensive by the enemy in the region to the east and south-east of Ypres have been checked.

In the neighbourhood of Bixschoote we have advanced one kilometre.

To the east, between La Bassee Canal and Arras, our troops have made some progress in detail.—P.A. War Special.

GERMANS GREAT LOSSES.

Paris, Saturday Midnight.

The communique issued at 11 p.m. is as follows:—

From the sea to the north of Lille we have had a good day.

Two attacks of the enemy, one to the north of Zonnebeke, and the other to the south of Ypres, have been repulsed, the latter with great losses for the Germans.

Between the La Bassee Canal and the Arras and in the Lihons district the enemy made two attacks without attaining any result.—Reuter.

GERMAN GENERALS CLAIM

TO HAVE REPULSED A BRITISH ATTACK.

Amsterdam, Saturday Night.

The following official communique from the German Headquarters has been received here:—

The fighting in West Flanders continues to be impeded by wet and stormy weather.

Our further attacks are progressing slowly south of Ypres. Seven hundred French prisoners have been taken. A British attack west of Lille has been repulsed.

Near Berry au Bac the French have been obliged to evacuate a commanding position.

In the Argonne our attacks are progressing favourably. The French are suffering severely, 150 prisoners being taken yesterday.

In East Prussia the fighting continues. The Russians near Stallupoenen lost 500 prisoners.

Near Soldau no decisive result has been obtained. In the region of Wloclawei a Russian army corps was repulsed, losing 1500 prisoners and twelve machine guns.

ALLIES' PATROLS NEAR OSTEND.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Telegraaf learns from Sluis that after the occupation of Dixmude the Germans unsuccessfully tried to cross the Yser.

Patrols of Allies are reconnoitring nearly as far as Ostend.

Measures for the defence of the coast continue. Houses between the Schipdone and Leopold Canals must now be evacuated.

The Germans have the intention of blowing up the so-called siphon under the Bruges Sluis Canal, which would cause an inundation.

Persons are allowed to leave Bruges through two gates in the direction of Ghent.

A proclamation has been posted in Bruges prohibiting soldiers from being quartered on citizens in order to prevent, so it states, slanderous reports in the hostile press about desertions of German soldiers.

Bombs were dropped on Bruges by the Allies' aviators and set fire to a number of benzine tanks.—P.A. War Special.

ROLLING BACK ATTACKS.

SITUATION OF ALLIES IS MAGNIFICENT.

What Is In Store For Germans.

Paris, Saturday.

The Journal states that at the present moment the German press has evidently received instructions to endeavour to split up the formidable coalition which is surrounding Germans in all directions. The Journal continues:—But we think it useless to denounce these tactics, which will prove as vain as their predecessors. We think it right, however, that they should be mentioned.

General Cherfils, writing in the Petit Parisien, says:—The situation of our troops remains magnificent. The valour of our Allies and of our own troops render ineffective the ferocious rushes of the barbarians. Everywhere we have rolled back their attacks.

The Echo de Paris says:—The Allies have progressed in their offensive against the enemy. To sum up, the Germans are far from obtaining in Flanders the results which the orders issued by the German Emperor, Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, and the Duke of Wurtemberg had demanded of them during the last ten days.

A French officer friend of General Bonnal, writing in the Matin, says:—In Belgium we are holding firm. We are even advancing a little, and as tangible results we have the slaughter of the Prussians and their replacement by reinforcements, which we can crush at pleasure. On our side we have suffered considerable losses, but they cannot be compared with those of the enemy. The Kaiser makes use of any material that comes to his hand, and amongst the German prisoners can be seen boys of 16 and old men of 50.

All the same, the end is not yet, and final success will not be reached to-morrow, but when it does come what a rout it will be. The Germans are exhausted with fatigue and dying of hunger. Pale, haggard, and wretched, they appear happy to be captured, and when offered white bread they throw themselves on it like wolves. When the hour of retreat strikes we shall be able to pick up the Germans by shovelful, and their officers, who come from the Landwehr and the Landsturm, those on active list being either dead or wounded, will not show up any better.—P.A. War Special.

BRITISH WARSHIPS IN ACTION.

Furnes, Saturday.

Behind the lines at Coxide and Le Panne little colonies of Belgian refugees have drifted into the hotels and villas, to wait until the advance of the Allies gives them a chance to get back to their houses.

The weather during the first ten days of the month was incredibly bright and warm for November all along this coast, and every afternoon one could marvel at the sight of children paddling in the sea or building sand castles on the beach, while their elders strolled or sat about in the sun, and a mile or so out to sea British warships were belching huge shells at the Germans half a dozen miles up the coast.

Punctually at one o'clock the British monitors with their attendant destroyers would make their appearance, and begin their daily bombardment of the German positions. The enemy, ruthlessly disturbed in the great and sacred business of "Mittagessen," replied in kind, but half-heartedly, knowing that he was firing at targets which shifted their position whenever he began to get near them, and being indifferent to the interest of the loungers on the beach in the columns of spray sent up by his shells as they dropped in the sea.—Reuter.

BERLIN ACKNOWLEDGES HONOUR

Due to Emden's Captain and Crew.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

With reference to the Emden, the Frankfurster Zeitung says:—We readily acknowledge the attitude of the British. It is just and dignified. The commander and officers retained their swords; the survivors of the crew received all military honours. We console ourselves that all was done to save the brave sailors.—Reuter.

FOOD FOR THE BELGIANS.

More Ships Chartered by Rockefeller.

New York, Saturday.

More Belgian relief ships have been chartered by the Rockefeller Foundation. One of them is the British steamer Agamemnon. They will sail for Europe in about ten days.—Reuter.

CRUISERS OFF CHILE COAST.

German Vessels Leave Port.

New York, Saturday.

A Valparaiso telegram states it is officially denied that the Japanese squadron had been sighted off Chile, the vessels in question being the German cruisers Leipzig and Dresden, filled up with supplies at Valparaiso.

Valparaiso, Saturday.

The German cruisers Leipzig and Dresden sailed hence to-day at daybreak.

RED CROSS MAN WITH STOLEN JEWELS.

Paris, Saturday.

A correspondent of the Figaro says he saw a German ambulance captured. The major in command seemed so devoted to the wounded that the French prepared to set him free. Someone, however, opened his canteen, and found it filled with stolen jewellery and precious objects.—Reuter.

CARRIER PIGEONS FOR BRITISH FORCES.

Press Bureau Warning to the Public.

Press Bureau, Saturday Night.

It has been decided to use carrier pigeons for certain purposes in connection with His Majesty's service.

The public are therefore requested to refrain from shooting or otherwise interfering with carrier pigeons whilst on passage.

THE TIME TO PLAY THE REAL GAME.

Cabinet Minister and Footballers.

Mr Tennant, Under-Secretary for War, replying to a question whether football should be played in time of war, says:—

No objection is taken by military authorities to occasional recreation. However, professional football does not in his opinion come within that category. It is much more desirable that professional football players should find employment in His Majesty's forces. It is a time when all should be prepared to make sacrifices.

STEAMERS PASSING FREELY.

Press Bureau, Saturday.

The Secretary of the Admiralty makes the following announcement: — The passage of Abadan, in the Shat-el-Arab, is quite clear, and steamers are passing freely

RUSSIANS AGAIN IN ACTION.

DRIVING GERMANS TO THE WARTA.

TURKISH ARMY'S PLIGHT.

Petrograd, Saturday.

The following official communique from the Great Army Headquarters is issued here:—

In East Prussia we continue to progress.

We have captured five German howitzers near Soldau.

On the 13th inst. we forced the Germans to retreat from Pypina.

Between the Vistula and the Warta engagements took place between the advance guards in the direction of Cracow.

Russian troops are passing Schraniava. We have occupied the Tarnow, in Galicia.

TURKISH CAVALRY REPULSED.

Petrograd, Saturday Night.

A communique received from the General Staff of the Russian Army says:—

In the Caucasus yesterday there was nothing new to report. On Thursday numerous detachments of Kurdish cavalry appeared to the south of Kara Kilisse and Agashkerska, and came into contact with some cavalry, who repulsed them and put them to flight.—Reuter.

BRITISH PEOPLE HELD AS HOSTAGES.

TURKS DESTROYING RAILWAYS NEAR SMYRNA.

Rome, Saturday.

According to official advices received in Athens, the Turks have destroyed the railway line between Smyrna and Cassaba, and have commenced to destroy the line between Dedeagatch and Constantinople at Beyrouth.

The Turkish authorities have destroyed all foreign vessels.

All French, British, and Russian citizens in Syria are being held as hostages.—C.N.

TURKS SHORT OF OFFICERS.

Kaiser Passes On Austrians.

Rome, Saturday.

The Ottoman Army has asked Germany to supply the deficiency in officers. Germany has offered supplement relief with Austrians.—Reuter.

FOOD BECOMING SCARCE IN VIENNA.

Arrest of Italian Peasants.

Venice, Saturday.

Food is becoming very scarce and dear. In Trentino flour is already costing 25 per cent. more than in Vienna.

Trent Commercial Council, which is greatly alarmed at the grave outlook, has expended £12,000 on the purchase of grain, flour, and potatoes, and has further appropriated another £20,000 for the purpose of stocking the commercial storehouses with food sufficient to last to the end of April.

Military bands in Trentino are learning Turkish national tunes, preparatory to an imposing demonstration, which is to take place in celebration of the Turkish entry into the war.

According to reports from Verona, the arrests of Italians in Trentino continues, the victims being chiefly peasants and women, as they form the classes of the population which are least likely to make too vigorous a protest.—P.A. War Special.

Abnormal orders for [illegible] in course of execution. [illegible] service dress jackets, [illegible] coats, 7,000,000 pairs of [illegible] of boots, 5,000,000 pairs [illegible] shirts, and 11,000,000 pa[illegible]

REBEL LAAGER CAPTURED.

Cape Town, Saturday Night.

An official telegram from Pretoria announces that Colonel Badenhorst, operating from Wolvehoek in the north of the Free State, reports that on the 12th inst. out against a rebel commando under Van Coller in the direction of Frankfort, and captured Van Coller's whole laager, with 47 prisoners and 56 horses. Two rebels were killed and three wounded.—Reuter.

TURKS AGAINST THE WAR.

Toulon, Saturday.

The Turks resident on the Mediterranean Coast are strongly opposed to the war by the Ottoman Government on the Allies.—Reuter.

MOSLEM PRISONERS OF WAR

Sent By Germany to Constantinople.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

According to a telegram from Constantinople, via Berlin, the first batch of Moslem prisoners of war from Germany has just arrived in Constantinople, where they were the object of sympathetic demonstration on the part of the Turks.

LATEST FROM LONDON.

GERMANY'S SHATTERED SCHEME.

A DISAPPOINTMENT FOR THE PRINCE.

WILL CROOKS AND THE "NUTS."

(By Our Own Correspondent.)

London, Saturday Midnight.

It has been a trying week for those who are oppressed by the lack of great news from the far-flung battle line, and who have not yet learned the truth of the old adage "No news is good news."

Day after day the might of Germany has been flinging itself on the Allied forces, which have swayed and rocked at times, but have never allowed themselves to be beaten back.

The movements of the week have had so much depending on them that to throw a search-light upon them would have been fraught with danger, but now that the worst is over and the Allies have resumed the offensive, the long-expected news may be expected at any moment.

A distinguished General gave it to me as his opinion that the tide of war has now turned, and that the task of Germany now is to retreat as best she can and endeavour to close her front door in the face of the invaders. The beginning of the end is in sight, inasmuch as Germany now knows that her scheme to conquer the world is shattered, and Ichabod is written in large letters on the gates of Berlin.

Already the French flag has been planted on German soil, and afar off sound the feet of the men who are marching to reinforce the depleted ranks of the Allies. When the retreat commences—some say it has already begun—they will fling themselves fresh into the rear of the jaded and hope-bereft armies of the Hun. The Prussian power is shattered, the pride of an Empire tottering toward the dust with every new recruit who comes to take his place in the barrack yard.

The Prince Disappointed.

Talking of men eager to go out to the front, the Prince of Wales, I am told, has been looking quite melancholy of late, the sole reason being that he has not been allowed to go with his regiment.

There are none who will want to quarrel with advisers of the Sovereign in their decision to take no risks, but, at the same time, it's hard lines on one who bids fair to maintain the traditions of the illustrious line to which he belongs. One of the Prince's comrades, who has just returned from the front, tells me that on the night the regiment left the Heir to the Throne was on the verge of tears at the thought that he could not accompany the colours. There was not a man in his company who didn't feel sorry to leave him behind, and his courage and patriotism have been the topic of conversation throughout the campaign. The young Prince had formed quite an affection for the Scots Sergeant-Major who helped him with his duties, and one of the last things he did was to present him with a silver cigarette case, suitably inscribed, at the same time asking him to be sure and let him have all the news of the work of his old comrades at the front.

Lloyd George at the Front.

Other prominent personages have been more fortunate in as much as special facilities have been offered them to allow them to see for themselves what is happening in the trenches. The announcement recently made that Mr Lloyd George has paid a visit to the scene of operations unloosens my lips, but I am not quite sure that it would be permitted me to mention who made up the party. Ever since of the visit all sorts of conjectures were made regarding the reason of the visit, and, as usual, they were all wrong. Mr Lloyd George is never content with second-hand information, and wanted to find out for himself how things were going, and how Tommy was faring in the trenches.

I saw the Chancellor of the Exchequer a couple of days ago, and finding him looking as free from care and as well as I have ever seen him looking in the Lobby I should be inclined to say that the signs are propitious.

Will Crooks' Tribute to the Knut.

My friend Will Crooks, the burly member for Woolwich, tells me that he is still having a busy time inducing young men to come forward and fight for King and country. I looked into one of his meetings the other day, and found him telling a gathering of Covent Garden and Billingsgate porters that every one was doing it, even the "knuts" with their eyeglasses, their silk toppers, and spats.

The joke was that Will Crooks had for chairman Mr Henry Chaplin, M.P., who has always been renowned as a fine example of the Beau Brummels of the Victorian period, even to the monocle and spats. The "uncrowned King of Poplar" was all unconscious of the merriment he was creating, but it would have been the same had he known, for dearly does he like to poke fun at friend and foe alike.

Sir T. Lipton and the Cocoa.

Mrs Will Crooks is just the same, and one night, at the close of one of the recruiting meetings, she scored at the expense of a distinguished visitor to her modest little home in Poplar. The latter, so Will told me, arrived in a splendid motor, and although there was only bread and cheese to supper he announced that nothing would suit him better.

The subject arose as to which beverage would best wash it down, and the visitor, remarking that he would just have the same as Will, Mrs Crooks announced that her husband had a cup of cocoa, and went off to prepare it. She returned with a steaming cup, set it down before the distinguished personage, and with a laugh told him that if it was not all right it was nobody's fault but his own. The visitor was Sir Thomas Lipton.

Souvenirs of the War.

The craze for genuine souvenirs of the war has grown to such an extent that I hear the French military authorities have had to exert their influence to prevent agents of enterprising collectors from taking cartloads of relics away from the battlefields. This move, however, can never militate against the kindly heart of the Belgian people in our midst, who, in order to show their gratitude for what Britain is doing for them, are parting with their sole remaining possessions. British soldiers in France gave away their buttons to the pretty girls of France, but here the Belgians, who braved Liege and Maubege, have been giving away their uniforms. I saw a wounded artilleryman hand over his tunic and cap to a girl who brought him chocolates, and, not to be outdone, a chausseur insisted that she should take his as well.

By far the best souvenirs of the war I have seen was in the hands of a Belgian refugee who was walking up Fleet Street to-day with a huge crowd behind him.

It was a Death's Head Hussar's busby, with the famous crest still on it, and the red silk lining hanging out. Every few yards the owner was held up to tell the story of how he found it. Offers to purchase it were showered upon him, but the Belgian only smiled and pushed his way through the crowd.

NATIONALIST M.P. OFFICER.—Mr Stephen Gwynn, M.P., and Mr T. M. Kettle have received commissions in the army. The announcement will do much to stimulate recruiting in the West of Ireland, from which some of the finest soldiers in Irish regiments are drawn. Mr Gwynn is the representative in Parliament of Galway, and before long Mr Kettle may be the representative of one of the divisions in that county which is at present vacant. Mr Kettle, who was in Parliament up to a comparatively recent period, took a large part in establishing the Nationalist Volunteers twelve months ago.

FROM PERIL TO PERIL.

DUNDEE NAVYMAN'S NARRATIVE

OF TROOPSHIP AND TRENCH.

"Please report without delay to H.M.S. Empress, Glasgow."

Back from a long voyage in a peaceful merchant vessel, this was the brief but significant message which Mr Peter Skivinkton, of 25 Blackness Road, Dundee, found awaiting him when he applied at the offices of his employers for his pay.

"Of course, I know that, being a naval reserve man, I should be called on sooner or later," he explained; "but I little guessed where I should be sent, nor what I was about to go through.

"The following day I reported myself on the Empress as directed, and within two days I, with about two hundred other naval reserve men, found myself aboard the troopship Dominion—bound for—I didn't know where."

From this moment Mr Skivington's adventures began.

"Every day for twenty-one days," he said, "we steamed a zig-zag course across the North Sea—dodging mines. Now and again a fishing vessel—one of His Majesty's gunboats reported part of the route 'all clear,' and we breathed a bit more freely. Then came the narrowest squeak a man can hope to have.

"'You mean you just missed striking a mine?' I asked.

"Not that," Skivington said, quietly. "For all we knew, we might have been—and probably were—missing mines by only a matter of yards every day. It was like this.

"Early one morning we spotted a fishing vessel bearing down on us, and guessed she was coming to report the presence of mines in the neighbourhood. So we slowed down, and, as it turned out, it meant the difference between life and death for over two hundred souls. Have you ever heard the noise made by tons and tons of iron collapsing—say, the sound made by falling girders? Because if you have, that's how an exploding mine appears to you. One moment we saw bearing down on us a little fishing vessel with its unsuspecting crew eager to play the bumblest part in serving the country, and the next only a terrific upheaval of water. And then the sea became smooth. Ten fishermen lost their lives through that mine, but if the fishing smack hadn't got there first nearly twenty times the loss of life must have resulted.

"The skipper made us all assemble on deck and say a prayer for those ten poor fishermen, and I can tell you we were only too glad to do so.

"Soon after three men died on board, one as the result of an accident. The bodies were wrapped separately in canvas sheets, and these were weighted with shot. In the middle of the ceremony of committing their bodies to the deep a German gunboat appeared. It was growing dark at the time, and we had got separated from the other troopships, but the skipper refused to interrupt the burial service, and we went through with it to the end, while the gunboat crept up. It was the most exciting service of that kind I'm ever likely to attend.

"At last we finished, and then we steamed off with all the speed we could muster, and it was only the coming of night that saved us. As it was, the stokers were dead beat, and the heat of the engine-room was terrific.

"Not long after the ship reached its destination Mr Skivington and his comrades of the Naval Brigade were landed in barges, and conveyed along a canal and thence into Antwerp.

Speaking of his experiences in the trenches, he is full of enthusiasm for the courage of the Belgians.

"The Germans," he goes on to say, "were shelling a fort near where we were entrenched, and this time the German fire was fairly accurate. Shot after shot struck the fort, and must have wrought havoc among the de-

FALSE PASSPORT MENTIONED

IN CHARGE AGAINST MEXICAN MAJOR.

Visits to Berlin, The Hague And London.

At Bow Street yesterday Horst von der Goltz, alias Bridgman Taylor, described as a major in the Mexican Army, was charged with failing to register as an alien enemy.

Mr Muskett, prosecuting, said that although prisoner was only charged with failing to register, he lay at present under the gravest suspicion of the Foreign Office, the Admiralty, and the police in relation to other matters.

Prisoner might have to answer other charges at a later stage

His real name was not known.

He was in Berlin on October 29, at The Hague on November 2, and arrived in London on November 4. There was not a shadow of a doubt that he came here with a false passport, and in a false name.

The passport appeared to have been issued at Washington on August 29 in the name of Bridgman Taylor.

Late on the evening of his arrival the prisoner went to a hotel, and then set about a variety of matters. Four days later he was detained.

Accused was remanded in custody.

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Weekly News

OUT ON FRIDAY.

MANY SCOTTISH SOLDIERS

FIGURE IN LATEST CASUALTY LIST.

HIGHLAND REGIMENTS HARD HIT.

The following casualties amongst non-coms., officers, and men of the Expeditionary Force were reported from the base last night:—

Killed.

Adam (9558), Corporal T., Royal Scots Greys.
Smith (1582), Private D., Royal Scots Greys.
Newlands (6788), Private J., Scots Guards.
Macwhinnie (7177), Sergeant-Major N., King's Own Scottish Borderers.
Boyd (9376), Lce.-Cpl. C., Cameron Highlanders.
Campbell (4787), Lce.-Cpl. D., Cameron Highlanders.
Cossar (6990), Private W., Cameron Highlanders.
Cummins (6933), Private D., Cameron Highlanders.
Deven (7179), Private J., Cameron Highlanders.
Duffy (6319), Private J., Cameron Highlanders.
Ford (5776), Private W., Cameron Highlanders.
Kelly (7274), Private P., Cameron Highlanders.
Logan (6749), Private J., Cameron Highlanders.
M'ghin (7828), Private P., Cameron Highlanders.
M'Lennan (5770), Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant D., Cameron Highlanders.
Marjoribanks (6410), Pte. D., Cameron Highlanders.
Morris (6848), Private P., Cameron Highlanders.
Murray (9544), Lce.-Cpl. W., Cameron Highlanders.
Nesbit (6472), Private W., Cameron Highlanders.
Sinclair (6497), Private D., Cameron Highlanders.
Stewart (6687), Private P., Cameron Highlanders.
Taylor (8438), Drummer J., Cameron Highlanders.
Watson (9935), Private C., Cameron Highlanders.
Wilson (7762), Private M., Cameron Highlanders.

Officers Wounded.

Boyd, Lieutenant J. P., Gordon Highlanders.
MacBean, Second Lieutenant D. J. F., Gordon Highlanders.
MacKenzie, Lieutenant P. M., Gordon Highlanders.
Robertson, Captain A. B., Cameron Highlanders.

Wounded.

Bertram (7227), Private W., Royal Scots Greys.
Coltt (6295), Corporal M., Royal Scots Greys.
Harvey (6242), Private J. C., Royal Scots Greys.
Johnstone (5809), Private T., Royal Scots Greys.
Lloyd (6263), Private J., Royal Scots Greys.
Moncur (2041), Private R. S., Royal Scots Greys.
Nichol (6782), Private D., Royal Scots Greys.
Under date 15th September.

Died.

Rowell (8731), Private A., Highland Light Infantry.

Died of Wounds.

Burns (935), Private James, A. and S. Highlanders.
Kennedy (2171), Private A., Black Watch.
Turnbull (9506), Lance-Corporal R., Black Watch.
Wilson (9962), Private T., Black Watch.
Adams (7057), Sergeant W., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Smith (5197), Private P., Cameron Highlanders.

Wounded.

Adams (7082), Sergeant F., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Adams (8168), Lance-Corporal P., Seaforth Highdrs.
Allan (6569), Private S., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Blackie (6088), Private P., King's Own Scot. Bdrs.
Boyd (10122), Private P., Highland Light Infantry.
Campbell (9502), Private J., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Campbell (9812), Pte. J., Highland Light Infantry.
Clarke (10292), Private A., Highland Light Infantry.
Connelly (9501), Corpl. J., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Davidson (11572), Private J., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Delitis (8575), Private J., Gordon Highlanders.
Dewar (2471), Private A., Black Watch.
Elphinstone (8908), Private W., Gordon Highlanders.
Fullerton (9017), Private P., Highland Light Infty.
Gardner (8869), Private S., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Gillespie (9020), Lce.-Cpl. J., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Gordon (8630), Private R., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Greenhalgh (8906), Pte. F., King's Own Scot. Bdrs.
Grieve (10292), Private J., Highland Light Infantry.
Guest (1194), Sergeant A., Black Watch.
Hay (6156), Private J., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Heath (9276), Private R., Black Watch.
Holt (9032), Private J., A. and S. Highlanders.
Horsburg (7855), Private J., Black Watch.
Houston (9976), Private R., Black Watch.
Johnstone (9061), Private P., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Kyle (7958), Private M., Gordon Highlanders.
Lorrieck (8449), Corporal J., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
M'Donald (10144), Lance-Corporal J., Royal Scots Fus.
M'Guire (7342), Lance-Sergeant P., Royal Scots Fus.
M'Haig (9477), Private J., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
M'Gillivray (8604), Private C., Black Watch.
M'Kay (10069), Private P., Highland Light Infantry.
M'Neilage (9012), Pte. A., Highland Light Infantry.
Martin (6823), Private J., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Moore (10024), Private R., Highland Light Infantry.
Murray (7373), Private J., Highland Light Infantry.
Nichols (11912), Pte. A., Highland Light Infantry.
Nicol (9068), Pte. W., King's Own Scot. Borderers.
Pearson (6370), Pte. J., King's Own Scot. Borderers.
Peters (1771), Private A., Black Watch.
Pickett (7186), Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant F., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Pilgrim (6071), Sergeant J., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Purdon (6210), Private J., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Reilly (738), Private A., Black Watch.
Robertson (9262), Private J., Highland Light Infantry.
Rowan (8734), Pte. J., King's Own Scot. Borderers.
Rowley (6085), Pte. T., King's Own Scot. Borderers.
Roynan (8344), Private J., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Schofield (8973), Private H., Seaforth Highlanders.
Smith (10812), Private D., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Smith (9282), Private P., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Smith (12157), Pte. P. N., Highland Light Infantry.
Smith (7694), Pte. P., King's Own Scot. Borderers.
Stewart (9320), Private D., Black Watch.
Stewart (12093), Pte. P., Highland Light Infantry.
Thomson (11542), Private D., King's Own Scottish Borderers.
Walker (7981), Pte. J., Highland Light Infantry.
Walker (7988), Private L., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Wallace (9662), Pte. H., Highland Light Infantry.
Wicks (9359), Lce.-Cpl. F., Highland Light Infantry.
Wilson (11492), Pte. A., King's Own Scot. Borderers.
Allan (9205), Private W., Royal Scots.
Campbell (9154), Private A., Cameron Highlanders.
Dawson (8740), Private A., Royal Scots.
Glennon (11447), Private J., Royal Scots.
Hornburn (9270), Private A., Cameron Highlanders.
Jaggard (10697), Private C., Cameron Highlanders.
Munro (6079), Private J., Cameron Highlanders.
Quinn (7528), Private P., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Radcliffe (7625), Private P., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Reaney (8628), Private H., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Ross (7628), Private T., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Russell (6373), Private P., Cameron Highlanders.
Simpson (10106), Private A., Royal Scots.
Thomas (6835), Private P., Royal Scots.
Watt (9432), Private H., Cameron Highlanders.
Werton (9432), Private H., Cameron Highlanders.
Anderson (6356), Private A., Royal Scots.
Anderson (8223), Private P., Cameron Highlanders.
Baker (7584), Private G., Cameron Highlanders.
Barraclough (6415), Sergeant E., Cameron Highlanders.
Barron (9732), Private P., Royal Scots.
Basid (6827), Private W., Cameron Highlanders.
Bonnett (9270), Private F., Black Watch.
Chesholm (7453), Private P., Cameron Highlanders.
Connor (6834), Private C., Cameron Highlanders.
Cooper (7271), Private J., Cameron Highlanders.
Coutts (2077), Lce.-Corporal P., Black Watch.
Curran (1876), Corporal F., Black Watch.
Duncan (7019), Private R., Cameron Highlanders.
Elliot (7816), Private W., Cameron Highlanders.
Ferguson (7415), Lance-Corporal R., Cameron Highlanders.
Flynn (8043), Private W., Royal Scots.
Forsyth (6906), Lance-Corporal R., Cameron Highlanders.
Forsyth (6989), Private R., Cameron Highlanders.
Hill (6814), Private D., Cameron Highlanders.
MacAngus (6534), Private G., Cameron Highlanders.
M'Cabe (10763), Private C., Royal Scots.
M'Dade (6509), Private J., Cameron Highlanders.
Macdonald (6570), Sergeant C., Cameron Highlanders.
M'Kay (6669), Private J., Cameron Highlanders.
M'Kinnon (6219), Private A., Cameron Highlanders.
M'Lachlan (7715), Private J., Cameron Highlanders.
M'Lean (8247), Private A., Black Watch.
Marshall (8600), Private G., Black Watch.
Malleny (9620), Private H., H.L.I.
Marshall (7523), Private J., Cameron Highlanders.
Millar (30), Private A., Black Watch.
Moore (7875), Private W., Black Watch.
Miller (7598), Private J., Cameron Highlanders.
Ogilvie (6328), Lance-Corporal D., Cameron Highlanders.
Potter (8076), Private A., Cameron Highlanders.
Reekie (10609), Private H., Royal Scots.
Robertson (9503), Private D., Cameron Highlanders.
Robertson (8912), Private R., H.L.I.
Robinson (7176), Corporal J., Cameron Highlanders.
Rowan (7064), Private P., Cameron Highlanders.
Rutherford (9327), Lance-Corporal R., Royal Scots.
Salmon (5546), Private W. H., Royal Scots.
Stevenson (6453), Private A., Cameron Highlanders.
Tollerton (7281), Private R., Cameron Highlanders.
Winters (9270), Private S., Cameron Highlanders.
Wood (7013), Private P., Cameron Highlanders.
Woods (7610), Private A., Cameron Highlanders.
Yeaman (9806), Private P., Black Watch.

Missing.

Cairns (5106), Sergeant S., Cameron Highlanders.
Douglas (9770), Private G., Cameron Highlanders.
Finnie (8702), Private W., Cameron Highlanders.
Hind (9008), Private J., Cameron Highlanders.
Hutchison (7539), Lce.-Cpl. J., Cameron Highlanders.
Laing (6813), Private G., Cameron Highlanders.
Murray (9439), Private T., Cameron Highlanders.
Rodgers (7636), Private T., Cameron Highlanders.

Merchants and other travellers arriving from Germany are not allowed to take German silver or gold money into Holland.

WILL GERMAN FLAG

DISAPPEAR FROM THE SEA?

WHAT BRITISH NAVY HAS DONE.

Though the Emden suffered very heavy casualties — about 200 being killed — Commander Karl von Muller is still alive.

He and Prince Franz Joseph Hohenzollern, a connection of the German Emperor, are prisoners, and, with the other surviving officers, are not to be required to relinquish their swords. In fact, what remains of the crew are to be accorded "all honours of war." Which is as it should be. The Admiralty reflects British standards in this treatment of the defeated.

It may be of interest to examine what contribution this ship, under the most enterprising officer produced by the German Navy, has made to the triumph of Germany's cause. To what extent is Germany better off because this cruiser captured about 74,000 tons of British shipping? The inevitable answer is—None.

Germany possessed no convenient port into which the prizes could be taken, and the larger proportion of them had to be sunk, and the remainder, crowded with the crews, were released. Our naval officers, on the other hand, having seized hundreds of enemy's ships, have been under no necessity to destroy them, and thus the British people and the navy's bounty fund have benefited.

German Hopes.

The German naval authorities attached great importance to the elaborate scheme which had been prepared for the destruction of British commerce. It had been intended to throw out on the seas a score or more of cruisers and armed merchant ships—all of them very swift vessels, which we could catch only with difficulty. These marauders, it was assumed, would seriously interfere with our sea supplies.

Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, a sailor-statesman full of guile, not only calculated upon dealing a great number of huzzar thrusts at our commerce, thus limiting our food and raw material, but, having a poor opinion of the British people, he assumed that when the news of the losses of ships and cargoes reached this country a panic would occur, with disastrous consequences to the strategic plans of the Admiralty, and that the pressure in the North Sea would, in consequence, be relaxed—ships being detached in pursuit of the marauders.

The Grand Admiral's Defeat.

Fortunately, there has only been one officer of Commander von Muller's capacity, and, fortunately, the Board of Admiralty is not constituted of men who would bow their heads before every gust of uninstructed criticism.

Some years ago a Royal Commission on the Supply of Food and Raw Material in Time of War was appointed, and this body, after long inquiry, expressed its agreement with the considered opinion of the Admiralty "that the attack or defence of commerce is best effected by concentration of force, and a dispersal of strength for either of those objects is the strategy of the weak, and cannot materially influence the ultimate result of the war." Successive Boards of Admiralty have remained faithful to this historic principle, with the result that the tactics of Grand Admiral Tirpitz have been defeated.

Closing of North Sea.

In the first place, the Grand Fleet closed the North Sea instantly war began, and, so far as is known, not a single commerce destroyer was able to escape. In pursuit of his policy, the German Naval Secretary has had to rely entirely upon the two large and six small cruisers which were already stationed in the Far East, on the East African coast, and on the east and west coasts of America when the peace was broken.

These vessels have done some damage to British shipping, but they failed to create a sense of panic, and consequently the Admiralty, even if it had been weak, has not been tempted to withdraw ships from the main guard in the North Sea, where our fortunes will be decided, in order to hunt down the

FIJI GIVES ANOTHER £10,000

To Our National Relief Fund.

Press Bureau, Saturday.

The Legislative Council of Fiji has voted £10,000 to the National Relief Fund, this amount being in addition to £6700 already contributed to the fund from private sources. The Governor of Fiji adds it is the earnest desire of all classes of the community to show its high appreciation of the righteousness of our cause and gallantry of our troops.

A German woman, whose husband is a prisoner of war, applied to the Hull Guardians for out-relief on the ground that, though she has nine children and works ninety hours a week for a local pork butcher, her wages are only ten shillings. Her employer is a German. The Board granted her three shillings a week, but expressed the view that "the Germans should look after their own."

During the bombardment of a French village a fleeing family was already on the road to safety when a boy of seven broke away, calling out that he had forgotten his schoolbooks. He ran through the bursting shells, entered his home, which was already in flames, and came running back unhurt. He explained that he wanted to take his school-books because he did not want the Germans to learn French.

ECHOES OF THE WAR.

The Moslem Kirhese community in Russia has begged the Czar to accept for the army a stud of 500 of their finest horses.

The girls of St Jude's School, Herne Hill, have sacrificed their prizes in order to buy wool to knit garments for the soldiers.

Germany has abandoned Taube monoplanes, and three builders are now turning out fourteen machines a week of the French type.

Orders for cloth for civilian wear have to be ignored in the Yorkshire district, so great is the demand of the Government for khaki.

Princess Mary at the present time is very busy learning Russian. She finds it a difficult language, but is making first-rate progress.

Judge Cluer, of the Shoreditch County Court, who is in his sixty-third year, has joined the High Courts of Justice Voluntary Training Corps.

According to Mr Charles M. Schwab, the former president of the American Steel Trust, "Kitchener is the best president the Trust ever missed."

The grey paint we use on the hulls of our warships is the best known agency for rendering ships only vaguely visible. It is particularly effective in the North Sea.

War Office officials have visited Woking, and have decided to prepare a Moslem cemetery for Indians dying in this country after returning here wounded from the front.

The glass bottle trade in various English provincial centres is receiving a marked stimulus in the shape of orders which have hitherto been filled by German and Austrian manufacturers.

The Berlin police have issued a peremptory order strictly forbidding shopkeepers to use any French words, including such popular trade expressions as "modes, manicure, corsetiere," &c.

The battlefields near Warsaw are now the happy hunting-ground of souvenir-seekers, large crowds of whom, carried by excursion trains, are searching for German shrapnel splinters and shells.

The seizure has been authorised at Marseilles of 11,000 bags of haricot beans belonging to Austrian merchants, valued at 55,000 francs, which have been requisitioned by the military authorities.

During a large battle a hundred or more field telegraphs and telephones may be set up by the engineers, so that the various commands may be kept in constant communication with headquarters.

The village of Hill Top, which is situated between White-le-Head and Dipton, in North-West Durham, has yielded more Territorial recruits than there are dwelling-houses in the place. This is probably a record.

A Paris flower girl, having learned of the presence in the St Antoine Hospital of a wounded soldier who had neither friend nor relative to visit him, now calls on him daily with gifts of tobacco or fruit.

Ivan Troufanoff, a sixty-two-year-old Russian veteran, who distinguished himself in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877 and in the Russo-Japanese War, has been again admitted into the Russian Army as a volunteer.

As Germany is running short of lead, a secret order has been issued directing Berlin music shops to turn over to the Government all the lead in pianos and other musical instruments in which that metal is used.

Yura Russetsky, a fourteen-year-old Russian schoolboy, joined a Russian regiment passing through his town, and managed to go right through the whole campaign in East Prussia before being sent home to his parents.

A "League of Spanish Ladies" has been formed to try to secure a peaceful Christmas Day. The Kaiser, the Emperor of Austria, the Czar, our King, and President Poincare are to be memorialised with a view to a cessation of fighting on that day.

A "Bantams' Battalion" is supported by the Rev. F. Bolton, vicar of St George's, Darwen. He holds that a short man would make a valuable soldier, and he would be able to take cover more easily, and would probably shoot as straight as a tall soldier.

An officer in charge of a train of prisoners being taken to the centre of France placed the private soldiers in first class carriages, the non-commissioned officers in second class, and a particularly haughty and obnoxious general and his staff officer in a cattle truck.

Dr Pauchet, an Amiens surgeon, who since the beginning of the war has attended more than six thousand wounded and performed five hundred operations, has, at the express order of General Joffre, been decorated on the battle field with the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

The municipal council of Braunsberg, East Prussia, appeals to citizens to kill superfluous cats, and send their skins to the Town Hall to be made into body belts for soldiers at the front, the skins of these animals being alleged to act as preventatives of rheumatism.

"English" with a Yorkshire accent is being picked up by some of the Belgian refugees in the north. The French-speaking Belgians get hold of English more quickly of course, than the Flemish-speaking ones. At the census in 1910 2,822,005 spoke Flemish and 2,574,805 French.

Emphasising the need for recruits, the Recorder of Kingston-on-Thames said that standing shoulder to shoulder in a double rank the German army would extend in a straight line for eleven hundred miles, while the British forces in double rank would only reach from London to Slough.

Some housewives, during the war, are saving up all their broken gas mantles. It is pointed out that Britain's supply of thorium oxide, so important in the manufacture of gas mantles, is not inexhaustible, and that some of the powder and debris of the shattered mantles can be worked up into other mantles.

Like the war year of 1870, the war year of 1914 has provided France with a red letter wine harvest. Nearly 1,000,000,000 gallons of naturally fermented wine of good quality have been produced by the vineyards of France this year side by side with the waging of the war. Its value is computed at £40,000,000.

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SPY PERIL ON EAST COAST.

This map shows Fife Coast imperilled by spies, an article on which appears on page 3.

WHY GERMANS ARE TRYING TO REACH CALAIS.

PARLOUS PLIGHT OF KAISER'S TROOPS.

RUSSIA'S DRASTIC DECISION REGARDING CIVILIANS.

(BY GUY L'ESTRANGE, THE WELL-KNOWN MILITARY EXPERT.)

London, Saturday Midnight.

Germany is beginning to experience the disadvantages, as previously she experienced the advantages, of fighting on interior lines.

In the early days of the war she was able to throw all her vast resources into the western theatre of war, confidently relying on Russia's inability instantly to invade East Prussia.

Faced by the overwhelming odds this strategy enabled the enemy to employ in France, we saw the Allied Armies driven right back on to the gates of Paris.

It was not until Russia, with splendid self-sacrifice, sent a raiding army into East Prussia that the pressure in the West was relieved, and the Germans were driven back from the Marne.

Since that time Germany has ceased to reap any substantial benefits from her interior lines. The central position in which she found herself has often been a source of weakness rather than of strength.

The Expected Happens.

This is precisely what military experts expected to happen when once the Russian mobilisation was completed. Foiled in her attempt to administer a crushing and decisive blow against France, before turning to oppose the Russian flood in the East, Germany's efforts have ever since been seesawing between first one frontier and then another. Again and again we have seen the military movements on her one front hampered by the political necessity of rushing troops to the other front.

The result of these divided necessities has never been more apparent than at the present moment. Though she may rush her armies from East to West, and back again from West to East with all the speed of a shuttle in a machine, her utmost efforts only suffice to give her an ineffective offensive on the West and an ineffective defensive in the East.

A Hollow Achievement.

Surprise is expressed that the Prussian War Lords continue to waste their efforts on a future attempt to hack a way through to Calais. Unquestionably the policy that is being pursued is dictated to some extent by political considerations. In order to reassure public opinion in Germany, it is urgently desirable that some spectacular success should be achieved to reconcile the nation to the frightful losses which have been sustained during the later operations in Flanders and the North of France.

Hollow as such an achievement might be from the purely military point of view, the occupation of Calais would constitute a direct challenge to Britain.

So bitter is the hatred against this country by the Prussians that the seizure of Calais has come to be regarded as an almost more desirable thing than even the occupation of Paris.

What Retirement Would Mean.

But whilst this is a plausible explanation of present German strategy in the West, the theory that the offensive constitutes the best defence has always been one of the precepts of Prussian military training. The Kaiser's War Lords are perfectly well aware that as soon as they weaken the forces in the West, General Joffre will give the signal for what will probably prove a successful advance. The German armies would then have to choose between falling back on the Rhine or attempting a defence along the line of the Meuse. In either case the initiative would have passed from their hands, and the retirement back on to the Rhine would be regarded in Germany itself as tantamount to admission of defeat.

If political considerations were eliminated the German commanders would almost certainly fall back at once on their fortress chain along the Rhine.

But from the political point of view, every day's delay makes it more difficult for the German Headquarters Staff to reconcile itself to such a decision.

Panic in Silesia.

During the past week we have seen the effect produced on the civil population in Silesia by the Russian descent on Cracow. The wealthy industrial towns of this Province have yet to feel the weight of the hoofs of the Cossack horse. But the mere threat of the impending advance has been sufficient to occasion something in the nature of a panic.

Something of the same kind might be expected to happen in the great mineral and textile areas of Westphalia if the German Armies in the west are drawn back on to the Rhine. As the nerve centre of an empire, Berlin is more happily placed strategically than Paris. But it is Germany's misfortune that her greatest industrial districts are situated on her eastern and western frontiers, and it is due in some measure to this extreme vulnerability that she has shown herself so anxious to fight the battles of this war in the territories of her enemies rather than within her own frontiers.

Stoppage of German Industries.

From the purely military point of view the crippling of the industries of Westphalia would be a more serious blow to Germany than a paralysis of the industries of Silesia. So far as food is concerned Germany can go on feeding herself for a long time to come. That being so it is not economically necessary for her factories to go on working, though their failure to do so must produce a social revolution, but is essential to the carrying on of the war that the works of ironmasters like Krupp and of electrical firms like that of Raphemane should suffer no interruption. The textile industry of Westphalia must have suffered to a far greater extent than has the textile industry in Lancashire, though that has admittedly been hard hit by the war.

But, though Germany might survive the silence of her looms, any interference with industries to produce her munitions of war would spell instant disaster

Russians and Spies.

The report that the Russian commanders, warned by the experience of their Allies with German spies, have decided that in their advance none of the civil population of Germany shall be allowed to remain in the conquered area, will, if true, enormously increase the political problem with which Germany will be confronted in this, the second phase of the war. The decision is a drastic one, but war is war, and it is sound policy to throw upon the enemy the duty of feeding its own refugees.

The example set in this matter by Russia in the east may very well be followed by the Allies in the west when the time comes for them to penetrate into German territory.

Allies Play Waiting Game.

With all these considerations weighing upon their leaders, the German Armies continue to make fierce but, happily, unsuccessful attacks upon the Allied lines in the west. At no point have they made any material impression. Positions won one day are lost the next, and but for the knowledge of the silent but remorseless forces that are working beneath one would be tempted to regard the position in the west as one of military stalemate. But the Allies are merely biding their time. They can afford to wait and watch while Germany wastes her resources on a fruitless offensive. Already there are indications that in the nature of munitions the enemy is feeling the effect of our naval blockade. One hesitates to accept the story that there is a shortage of lead, but the artillery at least seems to have received instructions to economise its ammunition at night, when all experience shows that the effect of shell fire tends to become moral rather than material.

Nevertheless it would be a gigantic mistake to imagine that things are more or less quiescent along the battle front in France, because neither side is able to claim any advantage. Mr Fortescue, the historian to the British Army, more nearly represtened the true situation when he asserted recently that the British Army is fighting Waterloos every day.

Hurled Back.

Of the doings of our own army, we naturally know a little more than about the doings of our gallant Allies, and the impression conveyed by the reports from our own Press Bureau indicate that nowhere has the fighting been fiercer and more sanguinary than on the British front in the neighbourhood of Ypres. Even the far-famed Prussian Guards have been brought up to batter our lines.

The Kaiser expressed the wish that the Bavarians might have an opportunity of meeting the British "Just once." The opportunity was afforded them, and probably the Bavarians are not anxious to repeat the experience.

Very much the same experience befel the Prussian Guards They came on with magnificent courage at three points. They broke through our lines, only to be hurled back with frightful slaughter. Behind our front trenches alone seven hundred of their dead were found on the ground.

One instinctively gives precedence to these operations in the Western theatre of war. It is in Flanders and the North of France that our own gallant little army is fighting. It is from Calais, if from anywhere, that the Germans hope to command the Straits of Dover, and peraventure attack our own coasts. Yet all military experts are agreed that the advance of the Russian Colossus in the East carries with it far greater strategical consequences than anything that is at present being attempted by the Allies in the West.

Viewed in this light, we have occasion to regard the developments on the Vistula and the San with unreserved satisfaction. The progress made by the Russians during the last few days has been greater by far than anything we have a right to expect.

After enjoying for a few brief weeks the advantages of the offensive, the Austro-German Army now find themselves acting on the defensive all along the line. There were three weeks of desperate and incessant fighting on the Rivers Vistula and San. In the end the big battalions prevailed, and the Russian Armies succeeded in driving back the enemy to their frontier, and even in parts behind it. At some points the Russians have now penetrated ten miles into German territory.

Already, we are told, the industrial population of Eastern Silesia is beginning to flee westward, and the eddies of the vortex occasioned by the Russian advance will very speedily extend right up to Berlin itself. The arrival of these refugees from the frontier districts may do something to bring home to Berlin the true state of affairs in the East. When that time comes we may expect the reaction to be severe after the narrative, of fictitious victories on which the civil population has been fed ever since the war commenced.

Next Great Battle in the East.

The news from Petrograd and from the German Headquarters Staff is so meagre that it is difficult to forecast with any certainty at what

SPY PERIL ON THE FIFE COAST.

MYSTERY OF THE YELLOW BLIND.

HAVE GERMANS DESIGNS ON THE FORTH BRIDGE?

(BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.)

Methil, Saturday Night.

I have been touring the Fifeshire Coast as far north as Largo and near the Forth Bridge in the other direction, and after protracted investigations I am able to make some startling revelations concerning the spy peril.

All along the sections of the coast I have visited I discovered that great excitement had been created by the utterances in Parliament of Lord Crawford and Sir Henry Dalziel.

"It was bound to come," said a well-known resident of Kirkcaldy in my interview with him, when referring to the fact that the Government were now fully cognisant of the German spy system, which even now threatens Fifeshire at the present moment.

Methil's Blaze of Light.

Sir Henry Dalziel's remarks in the House of Commons concerning Methil and "the blaze of light on the docks" have naturally created a lively discussion in the port, and I found many residents eager to discuss the question.

The concensus of opinion was that there was every ground for Sir Henry's observations, but in the docks I discovered that there was a feeling that the lighting was not quite so brilliant as had been represented, especially in view of the fact that the docks were closed at dusk.

Bearing on Lord Crawford's remarks as to mysterious signalling which had been taking place in the neighbourhood of Kirkcaldy I met a military officer, who said that he had heard on reliable authority the story of what appeared to be a most ingenious method of signalling which was taking place at an isolated house on the Fifeshire coast.

Mystery of the Yellow Blind.

At midnight a yellow blind had been drawn up and down in the window of an illuminated room. This had happened on several dates, and had excited suspicion, but as soon as the house was under observation the alleged signalling ceased.

"I have seen the signalling," said a fisherman whom I interviewed. "I feel sure that the blind was being drawn up and down for signalling purposes. I watched it for four nights, and tried to discover whether there were any signals in response. I could not tell exactly where the house was situated, as I was a good distance out in my boat, but certainly I could see the blind going up and down."

I understand that the house is to the north of Kirkcaldy.

The military officer pointed out to me that it was most difficult to obtain definite information as to the practices of spies.

"I will tell you one thing," he said. "I feel confident that they are still at work in Fifeshire."

Who Was the Tall Military Man?

I interviewed another military officer, who said that he had not the slightest doubt that spies had often resided in the Methil district at various periods, and that whilst he had no personal knowledge of any mysterious individuals being in this particular area at the present time, he felt painfully confident that "valuable work for the enemy" had been accomplished already.

"For instance," he said, "I have heard on good authority the following story:—

Just before the war broke out there was a tall, military-looking, middle-aged fellow staying in Methil. He was of decided Teutonic appearance. He announced to a number of people whom he met that he was a doctor, and that he was holidaying, adding that there was much to interest him on that coast.

This man took up private apartments in a select quarter, and he was on friendly terms with a German subject who has now been removed from the district.

On several occasions this visitor was seen to be inspecting the docks, where he frequently asked questions in a most tactful way. He was also seen on the coast, walking as far as Largo, and using field glasses in various directions. He stayed in Methil for several weeks, and he was only suspected—well, when he had gone.

Lody on the Fifeshire Coast.

Did Lody visit Methil?

I have reason for believing that the German spy, who stayed in Edinburgh prior to his arrest in Belfast, following which he was shot at London Tower, stayed in Methil for several weeks. His supposed visit was, however, a considerable time ago.

"Yes," said a lady with whom I had an interview, "when I saw the photograph of Lody in the newspapers I came to the conclusion that he was the young man who sought apartments at my house—I think it would be about eighteen months ago.

"I remember he spoke with an American accent, which, however, did not seem to me to be quite natural. He was a very polite young man—oh, yes, he could talk. He explained that he was a theatrical agent, arranging for the production of a big Wild West drama at Methil.

"I could not accommodate him with rooms, and recommended him to a friend of mine. My friend afterwards spoke to me about the young visitor.

"'What a lot of writing he appears to do,' she said. 'I have seen him in his rooms with many closely-written sheets before him.

The German Manuscript.

"'One day I found a partly torn sheet left on the table, and my attention was attracted to the writing. It was in what I knew to be German.'

"On another occasion," said my informant, "my friend told me that on several dates her lodger had been out until the early hours of the morning, and that her husband had once seen him coming from the docks at two o'clock in the morning. The young man stayed for a fortnight with my friend. I saw him in the streets several times, but he did not recognise me. I feel sure that the young man was Lody."

GERMAN SUBMARINE

Within Few Miles of Forth Bridge.

A German submarine within a few miles of the Fife Coast!

That is startling reading, but I have grounds for asserting it is only too true.

From a very reliable source I have been told the story of a Norwegian captain's experiences. He was bound for the Fife coast with his sailing vessel, and he declares that when he was off May Island he distinctly saw a German submarine. He says he was certain that he made no mistake. It followed him off his port bow for some time, and then disappeared. He did not see the submarine again.

"Yes," he added, when telling the story to some of his friends, "I was jolly glad when I moored my vessel in Methil docks."

Petrol and Dynamite.

The belief that petrol has been despatched from the Fifeshire coast to questionable destinations is entertained in various quarters, but although I am informed of various particulars in regard to this question I cannot divulge details—a remark which applies to a quantity of dynamite which I understand was "discharged" into lighters off the coast, and about which there was considerable inquiry, although it was definitely asserted that the dynamite was only being sent for ordinary trade purposes.

Foreign Seamen Need Observation.

I feel certain, after my investigations, that there should be a closer surveillance of foreign seafaring men coming into the ports on the Fifeshire coast.

Speaking to one of the well-known residents of Methil I learned that folk in Methil have been simply amazed by the free and easy manner in which foreign sea captains and sailors roam about the neighbourhood.

"Why," said my informant, "I know of several cases in which captains, who are known to have been acquainted with German subjects, formerly resident in this district, going about the place without the slightest difficulty.

"Who knows that they are not being responsible for the leakage of important information?"

German Navy's Vigilance.

A remarkable story was related to me at Methil by the captain of a Danish ship, now lying in Methil Docks. The story serves to show the extraordinary keen vigil and precautions exercised by the Germans off their coast.

"Before coming here," said the captain, "I sailed from a Swedish port to a Dutch port, and when off Heligoland I was suddenly surrounded by German warships.

"My vessel was promptly boarded by a number of German officers and men, who came in a pinnace. My crew were sent below, and I was taken to my cabin and closely questioned. Meantime German officers and men navigated my ship, which was accompanied by the warships, and also an aeroplane. The Germans treated me in a gentlemanly way, and took their leave when we saw the Dutch coast."

German Naval Officer at Leven.

I visited Leven, and in the course of several interviews I gleaned various stories of German visitors to that neighbourhood, especially in the summer time.

"Yes," said one resident, "I remember a young German who stayed here for a month. He played golf on Lundin Links, and, in fact, I once played him a game myself.

"In our conversation he let it slip that he was a naval officer. I think he was sorry he gave me that information, because I noticed that after this admission he ceased to ask the many questions he had put to me—chiefly dealing with the points of interest on the coast. I can't say that at the time—when there was no thought of war—that I regarded my companion with suspicion. The incident now comes back very vividly to my memory. I might also mention that the day after my game with this German naval officer he disappeared the next day, although he had previously said to me that he was staying another week. Was he afraid that there might be a danger of his being revealed in his true colours—not those of a tourist, but a spy? I believe so—now."

Flashlight Signalling in Largo Bay.

I have gleaned considerable evidence to the effect that flashlight signalling has been taking place in Largo Bay.

Not very long ago three mysterious lights were seen on the coast, north of the village of Largo. They have disappeared, but further north another light has been seen recently.

Several soldiers who have been on patrol duty told me that they had noticed a light flash about midnight on four different occasions.

They had immediately made tracks for the neighbourhood. There they discovered several houses, but they were in darkness.

"We have," said one of the soldiers, "been keeping a careful watch quite near this part of the coast during the last few nights, but we have not seen anything. We are of the opinion that our presence has become known."

A military officer in the course of an interview, told me that efforts to locate mysterious lights were most difficult. They had been very much puzzled on the Fife Coast by the appearance at various times of peculiar lights, and," he said, "I feel sure that a considerable amount of signalling to the enemy, or to the enemy's agents—probably on the other side of the Forth—has been taking place."

Examined Forth Bridge Fortifications.

I have reason to belive that secret agents travel regularly along the Fifeshire Coast, but the railway authorities are taking good care that any suspicious characters are closely watched.

I heard the story when visiting the Forth Bridge district that a man of foreign appearance, travelling in a North British train, was noticed by a fellow-passenger to take out binoculars when passing over the Forth Bridge, and direct them steadfastly upon the fortifications below.

"Why are you taking such a keen interest in the fortifications?" asked his companion.

"Oh," he replied, "I am short-sighted."

SPY CAUGHT RED-HANDED

PREPARING TO SEND MESSAGE

To Enemy's Camp.

There is a notice posted up on the mediæval gates of N——, the handsome Lorraine city, requesting the inhabitants to maintain a calm and dignified demeanour when German prisoners are brought in.

"Women are really ferocious," said Lieutenant D—— to a special correspondent. "Two days ago a convoy of prisoners and a female Prussian spy were brought in.

"The people had collected everywhere to see them pass, and the women made frantic efforts to get near, calling out, 'Give us one of them; give her to us!' I suppose they would have lynched her."

The women of N—— would probably say in their own defence that they were too close to the enemy to take a calm and unimpassioned view of events or individuals.

Only three days ago one of them had detected and denounced a danger.

A man wearing the uniform of the French Engineers had passed through the town and out again to a small village close to the gates.

He made his way leisurely to the church of Bon Secours, and, like some tourist interested in views, he climbed the tower.

Caught in the Act.

Once on its platform, he opened a bag he carried in his hand and began to busy himself with its contents.

A woman crossing the market-place caught sight of the stranger, and pointed him out at once to the Customs officers, who telephoned hastily to the gendarmes.

The gendarmes were rapidly on the spot, and captured the man, who had just set up the apparatus of wireless telegraphy and was preparing to send off signals to the Prussian camp, which is only some fifteen kilometres away. Thus taken red-handed, he was tried by Court-Martial and shot out of hand.

PICK OFF RED CROSS MEN.

A private in the East Anglian Field Ambulance, writing to his parents, says that among the German wounded at the hospital at Colchester are several who have admitted that "the special duty they were told off for was to pick off the Red Cross men so that our wounded could not be attended to."

THE BUGLER AND HIS BREEKS.

HUMOURS OF A BATTLESHIP.

Life on the North Sea is well depicted in a letter just received by the brother of a Welsh officer, the humorous as well as the serious phase cleverly portrayed. The writer, who is a surgeon in the navy, says:—

Life on board during active service is necessarily hard and grim, full of discomforts and alarms, but for all that it is astonishing how one and all make the best of things; how one fixes one's eye on the bright side. Occasionally one detects in ordinary conversation the unforgetable fact that we are at any moment liable to be hurled into eternity. On a dark, bitterly cold, stormy night, for example, a man cheerfully reminds the rest of us that a torpedo would make our last moments very unpleasant indeed in such a sea.

Personally I get a lot of fun out of my shipmates. My servant is a source of unending amusement to me. He is a Marine Reservist; one knows that because just below the lowest of a series of very whiskery chins he keeps his tunic collar, and upon the collar is his badge and the letter "R." He has many protuberances in the equatorial regions; he has several teeth knocked out on the port side of his face; and keeps a nasty little excrescence, which was once an ear, on the starboard side. Both these disfigurements are relics of youthful scraps. He seldom talks. He walks with stupendous dignity.

Fortunately there are times when he loosens his tongue and unbends his dignity. At such a moment he confided to me that he is an "Hex Pug." This, I gathered, was only his way of saying that he is an ex-pugilist. I can only say that he thoroughly looks his part, notwithstanding the fact that years and fat have somewhat toned him down.

The Perky Bugler.

Then there is the bugler, a cheeky, perky little chap of fifteen. Unfortunately, every member of the crew, for no apparent reason, fetches him a clip on the ear if he happens to come within arm's length and provided there is no officer about. You will gather, therefore, that he walks through life warily and very circumspectly. But is he downhearted? No. He boldly faces this decidedly unpleasant situation with sailor-like pluck; with a frantic effort he recovers his tongue again, and his features then reveal the satisfied and joyful condition of his soul. What if his outlook on life is made gloomy and melancholy when a clip is fetched on the ear? Is it not immediately made bright and cheerful again by deftly rescuing an elusive tongue?

I always picture him as he appeared one night in the North Sea. We had a nasty surprise about 10.30. It was pitch dark or foggy at the time. The look-out suddenly came upon a warship about half a mile ahead. We made a recognition signal, but got no reply, simply because we were still in a bank of fog and the other ship could not see our flash-light signals. Without exaggeration we were in full fighting trim within sixty seconds, every man—many only half-dressed—at his post, decks cleared, guns loaded, spare shells in readiness, aim set. The first sound of a bugle would have caused our guns to spit out steel death into the ship ahead.

But where was the bugler? The poor child was still fast asleep. In one second he was the centre of an agitated crowd. What a display of energy, of language, of clips on the ear, of tongue swallowing, of its joyful recovery! One large man shot him up the gangway and deposited the dazed and bewildered little fellow—upon the decks; a still larger man rammed the best part of a bugle down where his tongue usually slipped. With his customary dexterity he rescued both the bugle and his tongue, and dolefully shouted, "Where's me breeks? I ain't got my breeks on."

Fortunately, at that moment our signal was repeated, and this time answered by one of our own ships.

"COME, HELP US!" IS CRY OF GERMAN WOUNDED.

ENEMY FIRE ON THEIR OWN MEN.

HOW A BRILLIANT CENTRE-FORWARD MET DEATH.

Nothing excels the rugged heroism that is now an every-day occurrence in France.

The world has learned something of how the British soldier fights. Not less impressive is the way he dies.

There is an absolutely authenticated case of an English artilleryman who died the other day of wounds in a hospital in Paris. He was a Reservist, and before the war was a professional footballer in the North of England.

Both his legs had to be amputated. Even then his case was hopeless. He smoked and chatted up to the last with two visitors who came with kindly thought to solace his last moments.

The dying man, in his day a brilliant centre forward, declared that he did not "fancy" living with his legs off and watching the other "boys" playing about. But he asserted that he would not have missed the fun of the last fight for anything.

At the actual moment that he died—"went out," is the soldiers' phrase—a Belgian vocalist in an adjoining ward was singing a sentimental song of home, much appreciated in English concert rooms.

The dying soldier listened to him, and then with his last breath exclaimed that he wished the vocalist would "give us a bit of ragtime or Harry Lauder."

There is no false sentiment about the British soldier. The romantic French Tommy, like Bardolph's friend Pistol, who laid down his sword with the phrase, "Lie there, sweetheart," calls his bayonet "La Rosalie." The favourite soubriquet applied by our British Tommies to their bayonets is "lights out." That is grim enough and humorous enough for anything. Mulvaney could not have beaten it.

RECOILING ON THEIR FRIENDS.

Effects of Prussian Treachery.

The following letter from a British officer at the front shows that not all the German troops are wanting in chivalrous instincts, and shows also how injuriously the misdeeds of some affect others who are guiltless:—

"Opposite the trenches of two of our infantry battalions they found a thousand dead and wounded Germans, and there are still many poor devils of Saxons lying between their trenches and ours, and no one able to get at them. Our men got in thirty of them the other night, but every time they went out the Germans opened a heavy fire on them at 500 yards; and we would probably have to do the same, as we cannot trust them not to attack on the pretext of collecting wounded. They have done this repeatedly.

"Only once did the Saxons (who are opposite to us, and good fellows, quite different from the Prussians) get into one of our trenches. They took a good many prisoners, but an hour after another battalion counter-attacked, killed, wounded, or captured all the Germans, and released our fellows. Some of these poor devils lay outside our trenches calling—'Camerardes—English—come help us' all one night. Our fellows did their best to get them in, but the Germans poured volleys in every time. It was heart-breaking, and one would have given anything to succour those brave wounded Saxons, who had behaved to our prisoners like true gentlemen."

ENEMY'S RESPECT FOR BRITISH.

A British officer writes:—There was a lieutenant among the German prisoners I took to the base. After we had fed these men they became more communicative and less frightened. The lieutenant was a big man, about thirty-five years old, with a long beard, and he hailed from German Poland. He told me that he had had the misfortune to be sent against us, and had been fighting since the middle of September. The Germans, he said, had the greatest respect for the fighting qualities of the British; of the French they did not seem to think quite so highly. He also praised the British artillery, saying that he had thought the German artillery was the finest in the world, but that he was now convinced otherwise. He also said that he was very nearly killed a few days ago by a bayonet charge by our men, and that he had never run so fast in his life.

HOW A V.C. WAS WON.

Sergeant-Major White, A.S.C., who had the Distinguished Conduct Medal, and was made corporal for carrying Lieutenant Roberts, mortally wounded, from the danger zone at Colenso, in doing which he was hit by a bullet near the spine, has just been informed that he is to receive the Victoria Cross for gallantry at Le Cateau. The circumstances, recounted by himself at Cardiff, are as follows:—

We got orders at 9.15 at night to move a convoy in charge of a captain. We had not gone far before we ran into an ambush of Uhlans, who gave it to us hot. We were outnumbered, and I have a distinct recollection of having a go at five with my sword and accounting for them. But we had to retire.

When we reached a place where we could pull ourselves together an officer asked if anyone had seen the captain. On hearing that he had been shot down I said I would go back for him, and went back and found him lying in the field where we had the scrap. I picked him up, put him across my horse, and galloped back to safety with bullets whistling round. I was hit in both legs, and one has still a bullet in it.

Sergeant-Major White is thirty-five years of age. After the Boer War he served eleven years in India, and left the army only a month before the present war broke out. He re-enlisted, and has fought at Mons and on the Marne and on the Aisne. He has the South African and North-West Frontier medals.

NEW GERMAN RUSE.

In a letter to his father a young officer at the front describes a new ruse adopted by the Germans for creeping up unperceived to our trenches. Fortunately it failed. The following is an extract from the letter:—

"The other day, about dusk, we had a curious enemy in the shape of a field of mangolds. A whole mass of Germans were crawling gradually up to our trenches, each man with the top part of a mangold stuck on his helmet. Luckily the sentry saw them in time, and we pretty well exterminated them."

Topical American AND French Cartoons.

WELDING, NOT BREAKING, THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

The harder the blacksmith hammers the more firmly he welds the links together without doing any harm.

Montreal Daily Star.

WAR MAKES STRANGE TENTMATES

New York Evening Telegram.

THE FIRST CHAPTER

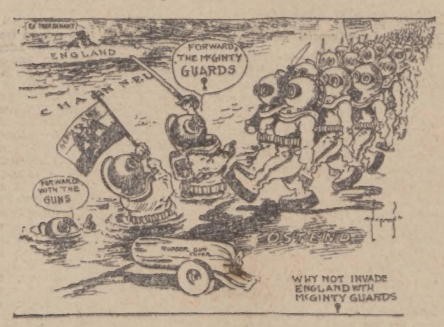
John Bull, pursued as the beginning, will use it through to the end.

Montreal Standard.

IN THE WORLD'S SHAVE SHOP

New York Evening Telegram.

A SUGGESTION IN SUBMARINE STRATEGY.



Boston Sunday Post.

Another Lively Series Next Week.

THE MOST PERFECT CREATION OF HISTORY.

A MONUMENT TO HERR PROFESSOR
"WE ARE MORALLY AND INTELLECTUALLY SUPERIOR BEYOND ALL COMPARISON"
WILLIAM II., DELICIAE GENERIS HUMANI (THE DELIGHT OF THE HUMAN RACE) THE DEVOUT AND HUMBLE
"WE GERMANS HAVE NO FRIENDS ANYWHERE, BECAUSE WE ARE EFFICIENT AND MORALLY SUPERIOR"
"GERMANY HAS TAUGHT THE WORLD HOW TO CARRY ON WAR AND POLITICS IN A CONSCIENTIOUS AND PROPER MANNER"
WITH MALICE TOWARD ALL
AND CHARITY FOR NONE

New York Herald.

THE INVADERS OF BELGIUM AND FRANCE AS PICTURED BY A FAMOUS FRENCH ARTIST.

THE BLACK FLAG. THE 199th REGIMENT OF INFANTICIDERIE. THE HON. COLONEL KING HEROD CARRIED IN STATE. THE BEER CHARIOT. THE INCENDIARY CORPS.

From drawings by A. Willett, in Le Barbare

RANGERS HAVE BIG BIT OF LUCK.

CELTIC STILL CHASING HEARTS HARD.

ALL THE LEADING MATCHES UNDER REVIEW.

Hearts are still going strong.

So are the Celts.

Rangers have flattered only to deceive.

Dumbarton sprang the surprise of the afternoon. It was good business to draw with the Light Blues.

Hamilton came clean out of their shell. A clear three-goal victory over the Dons is something of which to be proud.

Ayr United came again. Their defeat of Greenock Morton reinstates them thoroughly into the best graces of their supporters.

Queen's Park seem to be breaking down. They appear to be fast at the foot of the table.

HEARTS V. FALKIRK.

The game at Tynecastle was hotly contested. Hearts were the stronger side, and deserved the points. Falkirk's defence was splendid. Under pressure it made a great show, and the fiercer the Hearts' attack the better seemed the rearguard of the Bairns.

There can be no doubt that Stewart saved his side from a bigger beating. He made some wonderful clearances. One in particular was when he threw himself full length on the ball.

In attack the Bairns also showed cleverness. They made many dangerous incursions into Hearts' territory, and with a little less keenness in the danger zone might have scored. Robertson was a powerful leader, who took some shifting, and he had hard luck on one or two occasions. But he carries rather much weight. Hearts' first goal was long overdue. When it did come the scorer was Orrock, who, in trying to save from Graham, spun the sphere into his own net. Wattie put his side further ahead near the end of the match, which was full of interesting features.

The Bairns' skipper played a clever game, as did Reilly and M'Millan in the half-back line. The attack stuck in admirably against one of the best middle departments in the League. Thomson, Ramsay, and Glancy took the eye most. From stem to stern the Hearts were powerful. The side carried no passenger. Mercer's absence was not felt. Scott played a binding game, and in him Hearts have a champion reserve. Wilson was brighter than usual in the attack, which moved with fine precision, but occasionally showed traces of over-anxiety.

LEVEL PEGGING AT FIRHILL.

It was a breezy game between Partick Thistle and Clyde. The Jags should have won. They did by far the greater share of the pressing, but their shooting was of a very poor standard. Again and again the Thistle forwards menaced, only to see their efforts go to pot through misdirected work. Clyde's rear lines were horribly worried, but what with the weakness I have mentioned and the care of M'Turk & Co. the Jags were unable to find the net. The Reds' forwards were anxious, and they never struck a really strong game. The Thistle's defence broke up their attacks with comparative ease.

In the second period the Reds' van showed a little improvement, but Partick always appeared to be the superior side. They continued to do the bulk of the pressing, but never once did they find their shooting boots. At one time it was possible that Clyde would snatch a win, but Lowers, by trying to smash through instead of judiciously plying his wings, robbed his side of chances.

And the fact is Clyde had to play second fiddle all through. In the first half Partick were in a class by themselves, and if it seems no compliment to Partick, Gilligan and M'Turk were the men who prevented them from leading at the interval. The Clyde forwards never found a method for circumventing the home defence, and while the Partick five had little difficulty in keeping in touch with M'Turk, their good work ended there, and judgment proving their undoing.

The second half did not show such a disparity between the two teams, but Partick always looked like capturing the points. There were no stars in the Clyde team, M'Turk and Gilligan alone deserving praise. Partick's defence was unbeatable, both backs and Lonie excelling.

DUNDEE V. MOTHERWELL.

Dundee managed to scrape through at home with Motherwell in opposition. It was a poor game by two poor teams before a poor attendance. Neither front rank displayed combination worthy of the name. The kicking was hard, with any amount of rushing, and both defences had plenty of time to clear their lines. Of interesting features there were few.

Later, the visitors' attack brightened, and the home defenders were kept busy, but the Motherwell forwards were not in the picture as net-finders.

In the second period the homesters began with great dash. Allan saved a hot thing from Steven. Then the visitors' van got on the job, and Masterton had to deal with a handful from Nicol. Dundee scored through M'Cann after Allan had partially saved a cross from Hogg. On the whole Dundee were just value for the points, but neither side can be congratulated on the play. The home attack was often muddled. Combination was not pronounced, and the shooting was not first-class. Individually, Hogg was the best of the five. J. M'Donald did one or two smart things. M'Cann has a lot to learn ere he is a class centre. M'Intosh was the pick of a very moderate middle line. The backs were good.

Motherwell have not a great side. They have a smart goalkeeper and a hustling pair of backs. There is lack of feeding power at half, without which no forward division will succeed. It was not surprising that Motherwell's forwards were weak as a cohesive body.

SAINTS V. 'ONIANS.

A goalless draw was scarcely fair to 'Onians. On their performance in the second period they ought to have won. Both Donaldson and Reid missed palpable chances. Play opened briskly, with the exchanges extremely great. Each side showed many dexterous touches, and the respective goalkeepers were ever on the alert. The Saints should have drawn blood early on through Clark, but the ex-Spider unaccountably failed to net when he had a capital chance. The defensive play reached a high standard, and few chances to score were really offered. In the last moiety the 'Onians were the more dangerous crowd. Their forwards moved with rare precision, and it took all the brains and boots of the Saints defence to keep them out. O'Hagan sparkled with his clean, crisp saves. Midway through the period the Airdrie middle men gripped the Paisley attack firmly, holding them so well that Brown and Co. were seldom menaced. Clark made great efforts to link up the line and keep it in tune, but without avail. The 'Onians were ably served by Mackie, Miller, Cunningham, and Rafferty, and the forwards.

RAITH ROVERS V. KILMARNOCK.

Rovers won this match in no uncertain fashion. It gave them their second home victory of the season. Gibson opened the scoring in fifteen minutes, Rattray attending to the goalkeeper. Kilmarnock played lively football, but the home defence was firm as a rock. Neish kept a grand goal. Gibson was tripped inside the penalty box, and the kick took effect, putting the Rovers further ahead. Then Welsh headed through in the last minute. Play was fast and free all the time, but it never touched a high level. There was no gainsaying the Rovers' superiority, but the run of the play hardly warranted the four-goal decision. Killie were value for, at any rate, one goal. Their forwards as a combine were clever, and it was only the sterling work of Neish, Lavery, and Morrison which kept them out. Porter played well as pivot, and the Raith forwards were tricky and neat. Killie's defence was good, despite the score put up by the enemy.

RANGERS' LUCK.

Dumbarton should have beaten the Rangers at Boghead. They had the better of the exchanges and in all things but the all-important one of goal-scoring were superior to the Light Blues. The home forwards played very clever football in the open, but they did nothing right in front of the goal. Most of the pressing was done by the "Sons," who, on the run of the game, should have scored fairly early on. Corner after corner fell to them. The Rangers' defence was severely tried. It came through the ordeal fairly well.

Meanwhile the Light Blues' attack was not idle, but they were not in the picture as they should have been, judging them on their reputation. It is a remarkable thing that in the first half hour the Rangers were dangerous only once, and it was a near shave for the Sons, but Hamilton brought off a fine save. Dumbarton scored through Travers. It was well deserved, and on the give-and-take should have been notched twenty minutes earlier. Rangers were kept on the defensive more or less until half-time, and it was common talk that not for a long time had the Light Blues been subjected to pressure so severe and persistent, with only one goal to show for it.

Rangers did better in the last stage. Reid gave them the equaliser. The Sons failed to draw ahead again, although on play they should have won with something to spare. The Glasgow attack was weak and badly knitted, and the side as a whole did not create a good impression. Lock, Kelso, Craig, and Pursell were best for Rangers. The defence of the Sons was sound. M'Gregor was about the best half on view, and Gettins, without a doubt, had not an equal as a forward.

CELTIC WIN AGAIN.

All things considered, Celts had no walk-over against the Warriors of Cathkin. From start to finish they had to fight for the points, and these they only got by the solitary goal scored during ninety minutes' play.

Celtic had M'Gregor for Dodds, and Crone for Gallacher, and it cannot be said that these enforced changes went for the betterment of the side. Thirds adhered to the eleven that drew with St Mirren, and perhaps with one exception this lot should be persevered with. There was no thrills in the first forty-five, and with Shaw and Brownlie fielding repeatedly shots that seldom spelt danger, one began to wonder if the scoring out Parkhead way was a lost art.

Just look at the Celts record for the last five matches:—Falkirk, 1-0; Hamilton, 1-0; Rangers, 2-1; Kilmarnock, 3-1; Third Lanark, 1-0. Ten points for eight goals! One would have thought that M'Atee would have known the futility of shooting at Brownlie from the touchline. He should be alive to the fact that the centre is waiting his chance.

WAS IT A GOAL?

The latter half abounded with incidents. Was it a goal? There was discontent in the Celts' camp when Referee Humphries disallowed a claim for a goal. M'Coll found the ball pushed up to him by M'Menemy, and he shot hard. The Cathkin keeper just hesitated to throw himself to clear, and to my view the ball was well over the line before Brownlie brought it back.

The referee consulted the linesmen, and even went the length of a second consultation. Why? The result was a throw-up. M'Coll's point was a genuine counter to my mind, and there the facts are laid bare. A matter of seven minutes later Celts got the genuine article. M'Menemy again, and M'Coll again, and Brownlie was beaten to the wide. Then followed a penalty for Celtic, Hannah bringing down M'Atee.

Young took the kick. I wonder why; but he shot strong at "J. B.," and the issue was still in doubt.

A SPORTING FINISH.

It was really a sporting finish, with Celts all out to add and Third to draw, and this they should have done if they had carried anything like a shot in their locker. Shaw's work in the Celts' goal was without blemish. M'Nair was the craftiest back on the field. His partner, M'Gregor, was a bit rocky at the opening, but he was a success later on. I liked M'Master best of the halves. Nobody touched M'Menemy for tactics, and the Irish left wing was the best on the field. Andy M'Atee missed Patay, but still Crone played a fair game.

Third are all right in their own rank. Brownlie was the goalie we ken him to be. Gibb led Lennon at back, but then Lennon was up against the Celts' best wing. Third's half-backs played a forcing game throughout, Walker excelling in placing, Swift in spoiling, and Hannah in forcing. Where was Cathkin's best forward. Brown was below home form, and Snider Smith could not shoot for nuts. What's wrong with Mountford? Is Harry missing Riley, or has his confidence left him? We will leave it at that. After all is said and done Celts won, and fully deserved the points, but the Third have credit in improving on last season's result of 3-0.

ACCIES V. DONS.

Hamilton had no difficulty in whipping Aberdeen. The Dons were defeated by a distinctly superior team. The Accies are a greatly improved lot. Their half-backs, chiefly M'Namee, wrecked the Aberdeen attack, which, being poorly led, was very weak. Archibald was the only Don forward worth his salt. He did many clever things on the left, but did not get the support he deserved. The others were far below par. Wyllie was good at half. He was the only one who really counted. Colman was not himself. Husband giving him bags of trouble. Anderson was clever in goal, but might have saved the second.

The Accies' attack was needle-like in its work. Out and in the ball moved, with capital precision. Husband was slap-bang in the eye with fine dashes, and Kelly loomed large with the hat trick. Both backs shone, and Watson did his little bit well. Aberdeen's shooting was at times shocking.

It was a tame affair at Hampden Park. There was not a thrill in it. Both sides were poor stuff. The game calls for no criticism. Suffice it, therefore, to say that the better team won.

UNLUCKY MORTON.

Morton were unlucky to lose at Somerset Park. They played better football than Ayr, who were without Lyall and Nevin. Play was fast and exciting right from the start. Each goal was assailed hotly in turn, but the strangers were the better tacticians, and were handicapped by John May going lame. They were the more dangerous lot. Some of their onslaughts on the United citadel were terrific, but at close quarters they missed a handful of scoring chances.

Yet Ayr opened the scoring. Richardson netting from a rebound off the upright. On play they were not value for the lead, but with it they improved a lot, and gave about as much as they got in the way of pressure.

The United went further ahead at the restart. Richarson again doing the trick. Then Gourlay scored for Morton, who were certainly value for at least a division of the spoil. Both defences were sound, with Morton's anything ahead of the United's. May's lameness took a little off the edge of the Greenock middle men's work. Richardson distinguished himself as an opportunist. I liked Morton's attack better than I liked Ayr's.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE

First Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	Goals A.	Pts.
Hearts,	15	13	1	1	35	9	27
Celtic,	15	12	2	1	35	14	25
Morton,	14	6	2	6	31	23	18
Ayr United,	15	8	5	2	21	15	18
Rangers,	14	6	3	5	23	13	17
Hamilton Academicals,	14	6	5	3	22	16	15
Airdrieonians,	14	6	5	3	20	19	15
Third Lanark,	14	5	5	4	21	20	14
St. Mirren,	14	4	4	6	21	24	14
Raith Rovers,	15	5	6	4	23	25	14
Celtic,	15	5	8	2	14	24	12
Dumbarton,	15	4	6	5	25	31	13
Dundee,	15	5	7	3	14	26	13
Partick Thistle,	14	3	6	5	19	24	11
Falkirk,	14	4	6	4	14	17	12
Aberdeen,	15	4	7	4	18	22	12
Hibernian,	14	3	7	4	17	29	10
Kilmarnock,	14	4	9	1	17	25	9
Queen's Park,	14	2	8	4	17	29	8
Motherwell,	14	3	9	2	17	28	8

Second Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	Goals A.	Pts.
Cowdenbeath,	11	7	1	3	28	12	17
Leith,	12	6	3	3	22	17	15
East Stirlingshire,	10	5	1	4	20	12	14
Dunfermline Athletic,	11	5	3	3	17	14	13
Clydebank,	11	6	4	1	31	19	13
St. Johnstone,	11	5	3	3	28	22	13
Albion Rovers,	11	4	5	2	14	14	10
St. Bernard,	11	6	5	0	16	16	12
Abercorn,	12	5	5	2	21	26	12
Johnstone,	11	4	5	2	15	21	10
Vale of Leven,	10	2	5	3	16	25	7
Dundee, Hibs,	13	3	9	1	18	36	7
Lochgelly United,	9	3	4	2	7	17	8
Arthurlie,	9	0	6	3	11	21	3

WHAT WE SAW AND WHAT OTHERS SAY.

CRITICISM FROM THOSE WHO WERE IN THE THICK OF IT.

YOU WERE AT ONE MATCH AND THIS IS WHAT YOU WANT TO HEAR ABOUT THE OTHERS.

There won't be a fou kirk at Fa'kirk. Too many broken herts.

Dunfermline were one of the T's yesterday. They couldn't help it.

Wasn't Low Roberts a sport? Say no, and off goes your head.

Not one of Lochgelly's team has played in every match this season.

Raith have only taken five out of a possible sixteen home points.

Celtic have lost as many goals to date as they did during the whole of last season.

We have to go back nine League games to find a win opposite Queen's Park's name.

The Bell at Ayr is still ringing. He played a splendid game against Morton. M'Stey wasn't far behind.

Celts have scored eight goals in their last five League engagements, and lost two. Not a big total to count ten points.

Morton, I may say, were of the belief at Somerset Park that there was something heavier than Ayr. They were disillusioned.

Will Rangers field these three when the Cup ties come—if they ever do—Bowie, Purcell, and Cairns? All of us "don't think."

It is something to Queen's Park's credit that they are the only Glasgow club to take a point off Hearts.

Is White, of Third Lanark, only playing on trial? Perhaps he has been signed by now, Mr Tarbat! I am only curious.

How much of the credit of Hamilton Academicals' position at this time of the season is due to Raisbeck?

Quite a lot of discussion took place at Firhill in an effort to discover Partick's best forward. My choice was M'Tavish.

Say what you like, think what you like, but football must stop. You know that yourselves, boys. Don't brook the question.

Bolton will require to go a little bit quicker. Bradford City told them a story which they are not likely to forget.

I am asked for the name of the young left half Rangers intend playing between Cairns and Paterson shortly. Can't say.

Bob Mercer will be all right soon. I hope he won't be diddled out of his International cap this season. There is no one more capable of fitting it. Mention one!

Queen's "Park Rangers" are not doing well this war—or rather, this weather. The gardens are far from being lovely. Q.P. Rangers 0, Exeter City 2, doesn't look well.

I may tell you they are expecting something from Jimmy Scott, of Kirkcaldy, this weather. He has only to find his way about and he will get there. Nuf said, Jimmy!

Celtic are to give Hearts a run. They are both now coming into the straight. Neither the result at Parkhead nor that at Tynecastle was a surprise.

What was the wages of one of the best outside rights which Third Lanark have had in recent times. If I were to tell you it would astonish the natives.

"Motherwell?"

"Not so well as she might be, but thank ye for speirin'. Dr Hunter is in attendance, however."

In case you forget, Notts County are at the foot of the table. Their weakness seems to be in defence. Leave them at Trafford Park to unravel things.

The 'Onians almost brought tears to the Saints.

Bradford makes his headquarters at Greenock. A nor'-sou' arrangement.

Mor(ton) discovered at Ayr that some people give more than 20 cwts. to the ton.

They know how to shoot at Woolwich! Fancy six bull's eyes against the men who were fishing from Grimsby?

Say what you like, but Lincoln are not "link-in" together at all. Fancy Blackpool doing it on them!

Do you still have the same interest in football? Tell me, honestly. How would we figure as a fighting force? What?

"Barr," Clyde's centre half, is still appearing with his hair dressed in that modified fashion which has emanated from Peter Head.

Fancy Farfar! They'll be in among the "dibs" after their victory over East Fife, where they run the club on Co-operative lines.

You can scarcely believe it! Hibs have won at last. From home, too! They evidently discovered Hampden as "a home from home."

The "Lang Toon" exended last night from a few yards to the south of Sinclairton to Kilmarnock. The Burgh Surveyor will be notified in the usual way.

Strange, isn't it, how these local Derbys pan out? Still another instance—St Mirren, 0; Airdrie, 0. You can make "nothing" of them.

Their Stock of Port was evidently too good for Preston in the North End. Stockport County, 2; Preston North End, 1. Speaks for itself.

Aberdeen have arrived at the Granite City. Some of the players should really have considered whether they ought to have made the journey north—to-day.

Wolverhampton knocked smithereens out of the Fosse who claim to come from Leicester, where the "lambs" or the "wool" comes from. (Rest of message deleted by the Censor.)

Should Jock Wyllie be suspended what shall the Aberdeen verdict be? If the wound was so serious as some people supposed they must have been surprised to see Neish playing against Kilmarnock. What?

Hull City is a fishing and commercial seaport, situated on the Humber. Several men from Lancasheer were almost buried there yesterday. They scored (1) while the Anlaby men went two better.

Reid, St Mirren.

The canal at Firhill was almost full to overflowing yesterday. I actually got it telephoned to me after I left—disgusted—that the Thistle had won by 1-0. It seems, however, that the Clyde was "on the ebb," and the tide was on the strong side.

One well-known centre forward was seen "off" at Queen Street by an intimate associate, whose parting remark was, "Well, sonny, if I don't see you through the week I'll see you in a fortnight." It would seem that business simply must be usual.

If Clyde and Partick had been playing yet—you will notice I have reversed the venue—they wouldn't have scored. If either forward line could not shoot better at the front, then they would be of no use at the front, unless as targets.

Gordon, Rangers.

It is claimed for Hearts that they are the youngest team in the Scottish League. Let them claim whatever they like, so long as they are wrong. Oh!

I like Bulloch, of Partick Thistle—he has turned a benedict, by the way—and I could wish for nothing better than his display against Clyde yesterday. It was really good.

Was it because Kyle was where he ought to be that Aberdeen were so ignominously defeated? Kelly does not belong to the Isle of Man. He won the match, and is not likely to look after the League tail.

It would seem that Rangers' outside rights gravitate from that position to inside left. One or two have done so now. Has there been a shortage of experiment at Ibrox in its embryo stages.

Jimmy Brownlie did not put himself about when Young went to shoot the penalty. There's something nice about these old chums testing the abilities of each other. One up for Blantyre.

If it had not been for the obstinacy of the Third Lanark "crowd," Johnny Rankine, their old favourite, would have been a Partick Thistle player by this time. How would a few "revelations" go?

I would like to know what they are thinking about at St James' Park. Bradford are not a neglible lot, but still they have demonstrated that they are not exactly in an "Avenue."

Kilmarnock are one of the mystery teams of the year. To be defeated by Dundee is an absolute disgrace, considering the fact that they both wear different bonnets. Perhaps we should wait for the official communique.

I wonder what Davy Weir would think of the lowly position of Glossop, he who almost took them into the First League? He did his duty by the Derbyshire club, and is more capable than ever of doing it. Look out for developments.

The City has fallen. I mean Manchester City. The news has been carefully communicated to Berlin that Sheffield Wednesday have accomplished the task. (Private wire) "All lights are out in the neigbourhood of Hyde Road."—Kaisergram.

A really good joke should never be lost. When Ramsay missed at Firhill against Clyde, and skyed the ball high over the bar, one chap near me shouted to him that there was "a Zeppelin passing." When M'Tavish kicked a low ball goalwards he was reminded that "there were submarines about."

The most surprising team of all is surely Leeds City. They started out with the usual resolve, but I can't for the life of me understand why our good friend Chapman has not been able to make a greater impression. Are the hands tied? If they are, it is high time something was done to secure a greater emphasis of that admitted power and knowledge of which he is possessed.

Wat-ford did they go and beat the Crystal Palace 1-0?

Dumbarton have scored in every League match this season.

Young was Celt's penalty kicker. But he can't fill Joe Dodd's shoes in that line.

Raith are evidently on the run. Two victories in succession is quite alarming.

Queen's Park had better not fall into the Well. Perhaps they should ask mother about it.

If Aberdeen go down in the tiesthe re will be trouble. The cause? Think it over.

No full backs are wanted at the recruiting offices who are stand-backs. Forwards are in demand.

Jocky Simpson is coming back to the Simpson we used to know at Falkirk. This is from Blackburn.

Quite a number of Scottish footballers are thinking of following the lead of "Barr," who played centre-half for Clyde at Firhill.

Ask the price of ham in Oldham since Charlie Roberts went there. It has gone up in price, and the price is not a pair of 'Spurs.

Johnny Gilligan and Donald Colman are the marvels of the Scottish football world. Both of them did wonderful work yesterday.

That was only Raith's second home victory which was secured over Kilmarnock yesterday.

The Blades were not sharp enough to cut into the Aston Villa. Seemingly the structure is in the process of being demolished.

Three times only have Dundee kept their goal intact this season. Yesterday they won by 1-0. It's hardly worth recording.

Croal only scored his first goal for Chelsea last week. How did he get on yesterday? Mum's the word!

They didn't think Todd, of Raith Rovers, would prove the man he has proved himself to be. Nuf sed.

Hooray! Dundee Hibs have won, and that at the expense of Clydebank. There's evidently more danger than we thought of.

There were some bitter things said at Parkhead about the goal said to be genuine, but which was disallowed.

A Glasgow athlete went off to the front the other day. All his pal said was, "Goodbye, Joe, I'll see you at the boat when the bell rings."

Do the St Mirren Directors really think Sowerby should be played at outside left? Ask him! He's an outsider, and don't you or the Saints' Directors forget it.

I am rather afraid Aberdeen will be one of the first teams to "cry out" over the consequences of the war. They have not too much sugar in their larder you must remember.

N. Harris, who deputised for Willie Whittie for Partick against Clyde, would make a good traveller for Harris tweed. He can travel a bit.

There were many people who thought Dundee were to continue to mix their jute with the marmalade. The Kilmarnock bannet, however, didn't fit them.

Ten weeks have elapsed since Morton were defeated. Things have somewhat altered today. They forgot they were up against a united force. Gerenal! Yes; Dainty.

Rovers' away mascot is Neish. The Rovers have three away wins and one draw to their credit, and on each occasion Neish has kept goal.

Only on one occasion has a Raith Rovers' player performed the hat trick since they joined the League. His name is Porter, and he is a strong advocate of temperance.

Kerr, Hibs.

Bailie Cochrane will require to devote some of his attention to Johnstone. He'll mak' a guid "Bilie," a' the same. I hope I never appear before him.

Hat tricks are not so numerous this season. Brown (Third Lanark), Clark (St Mirren), Richardson (Ayr United), and Reid (Airdrieonians) are the only players in the League who have this honour.

It's a Blackburn shame that our Anglo-Scottish "pensioners" should be asked so repeatedly to bite the dust. With Tottenham going down at the same lane, football in the Metropolis will soon be totterin'.

One well-known Dundee junior was seen off this forenoon by his comrades. "So long," said one of them. "You're right for an Iron Cross." "I'll no' mind," said he, "if it's on the top of a bun." Hot cross, of course!

Rangers struck a small piece of Dumbarton Rock. The Boghead men must really see to increasing the strength of their artillery. The "Light Blues" are said to be out for heavier siege guns.

Bill M'Cracken tells me that he is still playing the same offside tactics which seemingly no other can tumble to. It's not Bill's blame. The rules are there for the observance of those who have an idea as to what ought to be.

I heard a Clyde supporter say at Firhill that the Shawfielders were simply lying on their oars. It is probably so much added to our nautical knowledge, but is there not something about the "being" on their oars which arouses your suspicion?

Macalpine, of Dumbarton, seems to have been "relegated." Why should he be where he is when he could be somewhere else where he might be somewhat more useful. Macalpine! you have got to look to your own interests.

The Firhill men are in danger of falling into that weakness which has proved the undoing of Rangers. They play "too much football," and nearly lost the game against Clyde by their methods. A word to the wise is surely sufficient.

The "Throstles" throttled the men of Roker—at Roker. I can hear R.H.K. singing yet, however. He'll be a long time at Roker before he becomes a Broker, and when he becomes a Broker he'll break a few people up.

I met our good friend "Shooglie" Walker at Firhill. "Why are you not playing?" I asked. "Oh," said he, "they have fund me oot." The genial William, of course, can't play fotball. He has asked to be placed on the transfer list, however, in an effort to discover whether any other club knows whether he can, or not.

Isn't it simply marvellous? We learn that 6000 spectators were attracted to Boghead, and that "a large contingent travelled with the Ibrox club." Good argument this for the pooling of the gates. A still stronger argument as to the favour in which Rangers are held in popular favour. Some people would like to pull down all the gates.

LEADING RESULTS.

ENGLISH LEAGUE.

First Division.

Aston Villa,	1	Sheffield United,	0
Blackburn Rovers,	3	Chelsea,	2
Bolton Wanderers,	3	Bradford City,	0
Bradford,	1	Newcastle United,	0
Liverpool,	1	Middlesbrough,	1
Manchester United,	0	Burnley,	2
Notts County,	0	Everton,	0
Oldham Athletic,	4	Tottenham Hotspur,	1
Sheffield Wednesday,	2	Manchester City,	1
Sunderland,	2	West Bromwich A.,	2

Second Division.

Arsenal,	6	Grimsby Town,	0
Clapton Orient,	3	Huddersfield Town,	1
Derby County,	1	Birmingham,	0
Fulham,	2	Notts Forest,	1
Glossop,	0	Barnsley,	1
Hull City,	5	Bury,	1
Leeds City,	1	Bristol City,	1
Lincoln City,	2	Blackpool,	1
Stockport County,	2	Preston North End,	1
Wolverhampton W.,	7	Leicester Fosse,	0

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

Croyden Common,	8	Gillingham,	1
Bristol Rovers,	4	Brighton and Hove,	0
Millwall Athletic,	2	Cardiff City,	1
Queen's Park Rangers,	0	Exeter City,	2
Southend United,	1	Luton Town,	0
Swindon Town,	2	Portsmouth,	3
Northampton,	1	Plymouth A.,	1
Reading,	1	Norwich City,	0
Southampton,	1	West Ham United,	0
Watford,	1	Crystal Palace,	0

SCOTTISH LEAGUE

First Division.

Hamilton Academicals,	5	Aberdeen,	0
St. Mirren,	0	Airdrieonians,	0
Ayr United,	2	Morton,	1
Celtic,	1	Third Lanark,	0
Partick Thistle,	0	Clyde,	0
Dumbarton,	1	Rangers,	1
Dundee,	1	Motherwell,	0
Falkirk,	2	Kilmarnock,	0
Queen's Park,	0	Hibernian,	2
Raith Rovers,	3	Kilmarnock,	0

Second Division.

St. Johnstone,	3	St. Bernard,	1
Dunfermline Athletic,	2	Vale of Leven,	2
Clydebank,	2	Dundee Hibs,	0
Leith,	3	Johnstone,	0
Albion Rovers,	0	Abercorn,	0

QUALIFYING CUP.

East Stirlingshire,	1	Lochgelly United,	1
Arthurlie,	2	Galston,	0
Forfar Athletic,	1	East Fife,	0
Dykehead,	2	Nithsdale Wanderers,	0

CENTRAL LEAGUE.

Bathgate,	5	Alloa Athletic,	0
Clackmannan,	7	Montrose,	1
King's Park,	3	Armadale,	2
Arbroath,	5	Dundee A.	2

RESERVE LEAGE.

Morton A.	0	Raith Rovers A.	0
Kilmarnock A.	3	Queen's Park Strollers,	1
Rangers A.	4	Dumbarton Harp,	1
Motherwell A.	1	St. Mirren A.	0
Stevenston United,	1	Hearts A.	1

SCOTTISH SECOND CENTRAL.

Final.

Falkirk A.	2	Clyde 'A.	1

AYRSHIRE QUALIFYING CUP.

Hurlford,	x	Girvan,	x
Lanemark,	3	Annbank,	1

NORTH-EASTERN CUP.

Hampden,	0	St Anthony's,	3

ORDINARY.

Cowdenbeath,	6	Renton,	0

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Petershill,	2	Ashfield,	1
Strathclyde,	1	Maryhill,	0
Vale of Clyde,	0	Parkhead,	1
Glencairn,	3	Shettleston,	1
Clydebank Juniors,	2	Cambuslang Rangers,	4
Benburb,	1	Perthshire,	4

SCOTTISH JUNIOR CUP.

Second Round.

Bellshill Athletic,	1	Bent Rosa' Oak,	0
Blantyre Victoria,	4	Larkhall United,	0

OLDHAM GOING STRAIGHT FOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

WEDNESDAY BREAK MANCHESTER CITY'S RECORD.

LEICESTER AND GRIMSBY WASHED OUT.

The race for the championship is developing on most interesting lines.

Sheffield Wednesday did a fine stroke of work in breaking Manchester City's unbeaten record.

Goals galore were netted at Bolton, where Bradford City got a nap hand.

Bradford got a much-needed lift by a fine win over Newcastle United.

Oldham forge ahead. They are moving in championship style. The 'Spurs fell before them easily.

Huddersfield got a check in the Second Division, but they still have a clear lead.

Manchester U.,0 Burnley, - - 2

At Manchester; before 10,000 spectators. The home club played Mew for Beale, who was indisposed, and Meredith reappeared after his suspension. Burnley were without Freeman. From the outset the sides appeared to be evenly matched, and play was keen. Mew made several brilliant saves, and Travers on two occasions might have scored for United, but was too slow. Pickering scored, but the point was disallowed for offside. Interval:—Manchester United, 0; Burnley, 0.

Soon after the resumption Woodcock dropped the ball right in front of Burnley's goal, and Hunter, rushing up, put the ball into the net. For some offence, however, the point was disallowed. After sixteen minutes Kelly put across a high centre, and Mew, rushing out, mistimed the ball, with the result that it went to Hodgson, who easily scored for Burnley. Soon afterwards the same player gained a second goal from a fine pass by Kelly.

Sheffield W., 2 Manchester C., 1

In fine weather and before 20,000 spectators. Manchester attacked, Davison clearing from Barnes, Howard, and Taylor in order. Wednesday were all at sea for some time, until a sudden rush saw the ball go to Glennon, unmarked, who sent in a high shot which beat Smith. Wilson then missed two great chances for the Wednesday, with Smith beaten. City pressed, and Taylor scored, with Wednesday appealing for offside. Interval—Wednesday, 1; Manchester, 1.

The game continued very fast. Wednesday had a slight advantage. Good movements by the Wednesday forwards saw Glennon fire in a hot shot which Smith failed to hold. Glennon rushed up, and scored at the second attempt. The game now developed into a cup tie game, excitement being intense. M'Lean next sent in a long shot, Smith fisting out. M'Lean again shot, and Smith saved cleverly this time.

Sunderland, - 1 W. Brom. A., 2

Ten thousand spectators witnessed this match at Roker Park. The weather was fine, but cold, and the ground dry. The opening was even, but seven minutes from the start Jephcott scored for Albion. Sunderland's forward display was rather poor, and the home custodian had several difficult shots to negotiate. Bentley beat both home backs and added a second goal seven minutes from the interval. Half-time—West Bromwich Albion, 2; Sunderland, 0.

The Wearsiders' display was much inferior to that of the visitors, whose forwards played a most finished game, while the home front line was disjointed. West Bromwich, too, had the better defence. Philip made a fine attempt to head a goal, and Pearson saved brilliantly from Thomson. Immediately afterwards he was beaten by Philip. Sunderland's play improved, and they were sharply aggressive, and the Albion's goal had several narrow escapes, but the defence held good.

Notts County, 0 Everton, - - 0

In cold, bright weather 8000 spectators witnessed some fairly interesting play at Nottingham. Sissons in the absence of West, injured, partnered Mosley in the Notts back line. There was not much to choose between the teams in the first half. Richards and Peart going close for Notts, and Glennell, Harrison, and Parker threatening danger for Everton. Waterall, on Notts' right wing, proved good among the forwards, but shooting on both sides was indifferent Interval—Notts, 0; Everton, 0.

The pace set in the second half was an improvement upon that in the first moiety of the game, but the work seldom reached a high level. Everton had the better of the exchanges in the concluding stages, Jeffries being particularly smart, just missing a goal by inches. Morley and Sissons frequently saved the county from difficulties. Notts were lucky to divide the points their kicking being very ineffective. Iremonger stopped a very hot shot from Parker.

Bradford, - - 1 Newcastle U., 0

At Bradford in brilliant weather before 12,000 spectators. Newcastle had a strong wind in their favour, but Bradford took the lead after fifteen minutes. Lawrence was penalised for carrying, and Howie tapped the ball to Little, who scored smartly. Chances fell to both sides afterwards, Douglas and Little missing badly. Play was even, but not very full of incident. Half-time—Bradford, 1; Newcastle United, 0.

The football in the second half was more interesting than before, and although Newcastle tried all they knew to get on terms they were met by the stoutest defence, although the work of the home backs was of the rough and tumble order. Pailor, for Newcastle, and Kirby, for Bradford, missed good chances M'Cracken was a conspicuous figure on the visiting side, showing infinite resource. Kirby, for Bradford, hit the crossbar.

Bolton W., - 3 Bradford City, 5

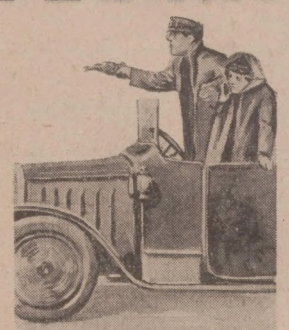
At Bolton. Play favoured Bradford City, who, with Shepherd at centre, ought to have had a big lead. Eight thousand spectators cheered Bolton's, the first goal in four minutes, scored by Stokes but Fox missed equalising from a penalty, and Shepherd failed badly. Then after half an hour Fox scored twice in quick succession, and Bolton had to thank Edmondston for grand goalkeeping. Interval—Bradford, 3; Bolton Wanderers, 1.

The second half reopened with a strong Bolton attack, but Ewart was great in goal, and Campbell stopped a free k

BEGIN TO-DAY THIS GREAT STORY OF THE WAR.

DASHING DICK CARRICK.

Suspense, fear, and anxiety for weeks have been the lot of many whose dear ones were detained in Germany when the war began. This brilliant narrative is related by a well-known author who obtained details for many of the exploits from a distinguished courier and Continental traveller of wide experience. Like the Scarlet Pimpernel, this modern knight errant has brought joy to many British homes by conducting refugees through the lines of the enemy to the safety of our stores and their own homes.



The Beginning of the Story.

Dick Carrick, a daring and accomplished young man of independent means, undertakes the task of going to Berlin to rescue his sweetheart

Ellice Remington, the daughter of a wealthy engineer. Ellice had set out for Germany before the war on a holiday in company with Mrs Gaylor, the wife of

Nardon Gaylor, old Remington's junior partner. Gaylor is in reality a German agent, and a month before the outbreak of hostilities received a mysterious code telegram, announcing that war was certain. This telegram was signed by

Herr Baumeister, who is chief of the German spy organisation, and whom Dick Carrick runs up against shortly after his arrival in Belgium.

Dick tells Baumeister that he escaped from the British lines at Ostend, and, speaking in excellent German, pretends that he is attached to the spy department of the Fatherland. His deception is discovered, however, and he is ordered to be hung at daybreak, but manages to escape from under the very nose of Baumeister.

Dick ultimately arrives in Berlin, where he has several narrow escapes, and discovers that Ellice is a prisoner in a private lunatic asylum.

By adopting a clever ruse Dick succeeds in getting his sweetheart out of the toils of the asylum doctor, who was plotting, along with the Gaylors and Baumeister, to get a huge sum of money from Ellice's father for her release.

In the cafe where the happy lovers are afterwards exchanging confidences Harry meets old friends in Monsieur and Madame Henri Beautemps, actors, belonging to one of the best theatrical companies in Paris. Monsieur Beautemps explains that his wife and he are passing as Germans, and have assumed the identity of Herr and Frau Guggenheim, who had stayed at the same hotel. Guggenheim has been shot with a noiseless pistol—the invention of a French friend of Beautemps.

While the quartette are talking together in the flat rented by the Frenchman they are interrupted by the entrance of three police officers, one of whom Dick and Ellice recognise as Hans, who had been a waiter in London, and afterwards acted as valet to Mr Gaylor.

Hans sends the other two officers out of the room, and explains that he is secretly working for Britain. He has been directed to inquire into the bona fides of Herr Guggenheim and the Frau, but he assures them that he will report to headquarters that he has found nothing suspicious.

Hans afterwards rings Dick up on the telephone, and warns him and his friends to make their escape. Suspicion has been aroused, and an agent and four men are on their way to arrest them.

"Five secret service men coming up here," says the Frenchman. "Ah, how I shall laugh! Ma cherie," he turns to his wife, "there are important things now about to happen. Will you take mademoiselle into another room? This is business for men only."

Madame Beautemps kisses her husband, Dick takes Ellice in his arms for a second, and then when they have left he turns to Monsieur Beautemps.

"What are you going to do?" he asks.

"There's a knock at the door!"

"Oh, we'll just have a little fun with the sausages, just a little fun. Come, my gay Dick, come with me and we will open to them."

Dick follows the little Frenchman to the front door of the flat, not exactly liking the situation. There are five men outside evidently; inside there are only two men and two women.

Monsieur Beautemps opens the door, and instantly an officer with four men enter the room.

"Excellent! Excellent!" says the leader in German. "Not only do we find Herr Guggenheim at home, but also the Englishman who is required by Herr Baumeister, and this time, my little Englishman, I think you're done!"

The Concealed Gun.

"ALL right, all right; we give in!" said Monsieur Beautemps, at the same time putting a warning pressure with his own foot on Dick's, as if bidding him keep quiet and leave everything to him. "All right; the game is up."

Monsieur Beautemps spoke in purposely bad German, with a French accent, and the leader of the five men smiled almost foolishly.

"Ah, that is better, that is better!" he said. "Just as well to give in when the game's up. Yes, yes, there's a nice little tree at the back of our headquarters that we've specially reserved for you, Mr Englishman, and there's another one close by that would just about fit the supposed Herr Guggenheim. I think you'll both be standing with your backs to those trees to-morrow morning at about eight o'clock. There'll be the quick, sharp sound of half-a-dozen guns, and poof, two enemies are gone—ah——"

The sentence broke off in his mouth, his face assumed a look of pained surprise, his hand went to his heart, and he fell backwards against his men, who mechanically put out their hands to catch him.

Dick tried to profit by the confusion, and made a step forward, but one of the men, who was evidently not to be caught napping, cried "Halt." Two of his comrades were supporting their chief, and that was sufficient.

"Now," said the man, "show us a room where we can carry our chief."

"Oh, yes, certainly!" said Monsieur Beautemps, giving another warning pressure to Dick's hand. "You see, my way."

Monsieur Beautemps stepped backwards with Dick down the passage, and, turning the corner, led, or rather backed, the way into the kitchen. Two of the men with some difficulty carried their leader between them, the other two keeping their revolvers levelled at Dick and the little Frenchman.

"Now then, stand over there against that wall and don't move," commanded the man who had taken over the lead. "What's the matter?" he went on to the other two men, who had laid the chief down on the floor and were bending over him, feeling his heart.

"He—he—he's dead, we fear," was the answer.

"Dead? Dead?"

And the second leader had hardly spoken when he in his turn toppled to the floor. Then the next man to him fell, and still the two men, Dick and Beautemps, stood against the wall motionless.

The two German subordinates looked at their fallen comrades with eyes bolting, with jaws fallen: they looked from one to the other and then at the two men standing against the wall. What could it all mean? Their chief had suddenly dropped dead in the passage, and now their two comrades had fallen in this kitchen.

And as they looked at each other with puzzled faces, these two simple, drilled, automatic subordinates, the minute came for them, too. Death struck at them swiftly, heavily. Clutching at their breasts just as the other men had done, they, too, toppled to the floor. Mrs Hoosten you should be then about thirty-five. Sit down there. I'll soon have you different."

And now there on the floor lay the five men.

Monsieur Beautemps stretched his arms with a smile, but it was a smile that made Dick shudder, for it was like the smile of death.

"It's all right, my brave Dick. Put down your hands," said the Frenchman. "They are all dead. That is all right; they can stop there, the sausage gentlemen. Let old Herr—what's his name?—Baumeister, come and find them himself. Five of them! That is a time gave Dick a little hand-glass.

Dick looked at himself, and could hardly believe in the change. There he was—a long, lean-faced man, with deep furrows on each side of his nose, with sallow complexion, with a growth of blue shaven beard on his cheeks and chin; his eyebrows were arched towards the middle instead of being straight, the skin beneath his eyes was taggy, and altogether he was a not very good looking and evidently dyspeptic American. In some mysterious, magical way, too, the shape of his nose seemed to have altered, and his forehead seemed narrower. This was all due to the lines and shadows worked in by the cunning experienced hand of Beautemps, of the man who had been renowned on the Paris stage for his mastery of disguise.

"Well, it beats me how you've done it, Henri," said Dick. "I thought I was pretty good at make-up, but you've knocked me into a cocked hat."

"Ah, not so, not so, my dear Dick. You have a greater command over your voice than I have. With practice, with tuition, we should have made a fine actor of you; your imitations are so good, and you speak so many languages. But now it is not acting, it is real drama. Eh, bien; but, mon Dieu, how I enjoy this!"

The little man rubbed his hands with glee; he was living in real, strong drama now.

"Now, then, the hair," he went on. "Your own is dark, I think, Dick, eh? Yes? Then we soon remove the good Baptiste's dye."

A little drop of colourless liquid from one of the useful tubes in a basin of water, a vigorous application to Dick's head, and behold he had his own hair again, and there he was a dark, clean-shaved American.

"And now for myself," went on Beautemps. "I am no longer the Guggenheim, and, Juliette, my dear, you will please change yourself to, well, nearly to your own pretty little self again. For me, well, it is goodbye to Guggenheim. I return directly."

"Come, come with me to the dressing-room," said Madame Beautemps to Ellice. "I would like you to see what I am really. One doesn't like to be always ugly before one's friends."

The vivacious Frenchwoman, with the natural pride of her sex, wanted to show Ellice that she was not in reality the middle-aged Frau she seemed, and Dick smiled a little to himself as the two women disappeared. Henri had gone to another room to change his disguise, so Dick, left by himself, lit a cigarette and began to think seriously over the situation.

He had found Ellice. That was a step towards the end at which he was aiming, namely, her escape. Surely that would be possible now. He had a friend at the American Embassy; surely he could persuade him out of two passports. Then there was another friend in Hans, the secret service man, and he had, too, the resourceful Henri Beautemps and his wife to help him. Yes, he would take Ellice back to London: he would get her through somehow. And then? Well, perhaps there might be other work for him to do in Berlin. There must be other British people who were in need of assistance.—He had their names and addresses; he must find out if they, too, wanted to escape. But first he would take Ellice back. If the way out was easy, then he could return for some others. She would let him go, he knew that; she would let him face danger again for the sake of other British people. He couldn't bear to think of one of his own countrymen, or perhaps countrywomen, being detained in this country where they would doubtless be treated horribly.

"Ha, ha; now how do we go? Isn't this, as you British say, a little bit of all right?"

Henri Beautemps danced into the room, and the change in him was wonderful, miraculous. Instead of the stout, bearded, spectacled German there was a lithe, good-looking, fair-haired man in ordinary clothes with nothing very particular or striking about him, but as unlike the real Henri Beautemps Dick knew as the elderly German had been.

"This will do," said Beautemps. "I am Holland, Dutch. I am sympathetic with the German sympathies of the Dutch are, you know, German-sympathetic. Two months ago I was in Holland, but some few, especially of the young people. I am Meinherr van Donk, youngest son of Jan van Donk, of Rotterdam, tulip grower, and with me is Gretta, my wife. You will see her soon. We had already arranged for this change of name and appearance, and we shall speak our German with just a little accent. Are you ready, Gretta?"

Madame Beautemps called back that she would be there in a moment, and shortly entered with Ellice.

The little Frenchwoman had, strangely enough for a Frenchwoman, luxurious fair hair. Ellice had exclaimed with joy when she saw it tumble out from under the wig that she was wearing in disguise. And now with it plaited and braided in the Dutch fashion she looked just simply a pretty little Dutch wife.

And so the disguises were now complete and the quartette were ready to leave.

"My paints and a few other things I take with me. The boxes, they are already packed."

"Yes, that's all very well," broke in Dick quickly, "but how are you going to get your boxes out of here? You see you're no longer Herr and Frau Guggenheim. We can't take them with us, as I suppose we shall have to slip down quietly as if we came from another flat. I don't see how we're to manage it."

Beautemps thought for a moment, and then clicked his tongue with impatience.

"That's a pity," he said. "I never thought of that. How are we to get them out? And we can't leave them here, for we shall want the clothes, the wigs, and the other things that are there. Ah, my good Dick, we are done!"

"No, no, we're not!" cried Dick. "I've got it, by jove, I've got it. Come with me, Henri, come with me. But first of all I think that to be on the safe side the ladies had better go, don't you? There's a little cafe just round the corner, I noticed. Ellice, will you go there with Madame Beautemps and wait for us? That's the best thing, I think, Henri, isn't it? Agree with me, my friend, don't look so puzzled," went on Dick, clapping the Frenchman on the shoulder. "I have ideas. Thick in the head I may be, but sometimes I have ideas."

"Ah, my gay Dick, you have many ideas. At one time I used to think the British stupid, but now I know that they are not, and my Dick is the cleverest of them all."

"My angel," Beautemps turned to his wife, "you will leave then with Mademoiselle. Just walk out of the flat and down the stairs quietly as if you had been paying a call."

Ellice and Madame Beautemps left, but before they went out of the door some impulse made both of them suddenly turn back, and Juliette threw her arms round her husband's neck and kissed him, and Ellice shyly held up her face to Dick's.

"In case, just in case, Dickie dear," she whispered; "just in case!"

And as Dick kissed her he knew what she meant—just in case they did not see each other again, for there might be dangers lurking ahead, anywhere and everywhere.

Baumeister in Disguise.

When the door was shut on them Dick turned to Beautemps.

"How brave women can be when they like," he said. "Not a tremour, not a murmur, though they both knew that there must be five dead men in this flat somewhere. Did you see how they smiled and hid their fears? An, Henri, what should we do without the women?"

"Ah, indeed, what? But, now, my gay Dick, to work, or we may lose our dear women. What is your idea?"

Dick pointed to the locked kitchen.

"Those men in there; only the leader was in plain clothes, the others were in the official uniform. We change clothes with them, and then we take out the luggage ourselves, and we make the porter help us. He is stupid—all these porters are stupid; they just do what they are told, like all German underlings. He will not remember the faces of the men. Come, we can put the coats and caps on. The trousers? Well, they are just dark, like ours, so that is fortunate. Come on, Henri."

The Frenchman unlocked the kitchen door, and there the five men lay on the floor in the same attitudes in which they had died.

It was no time for scruples, for remorse, and Dick felt no compunction in stripping

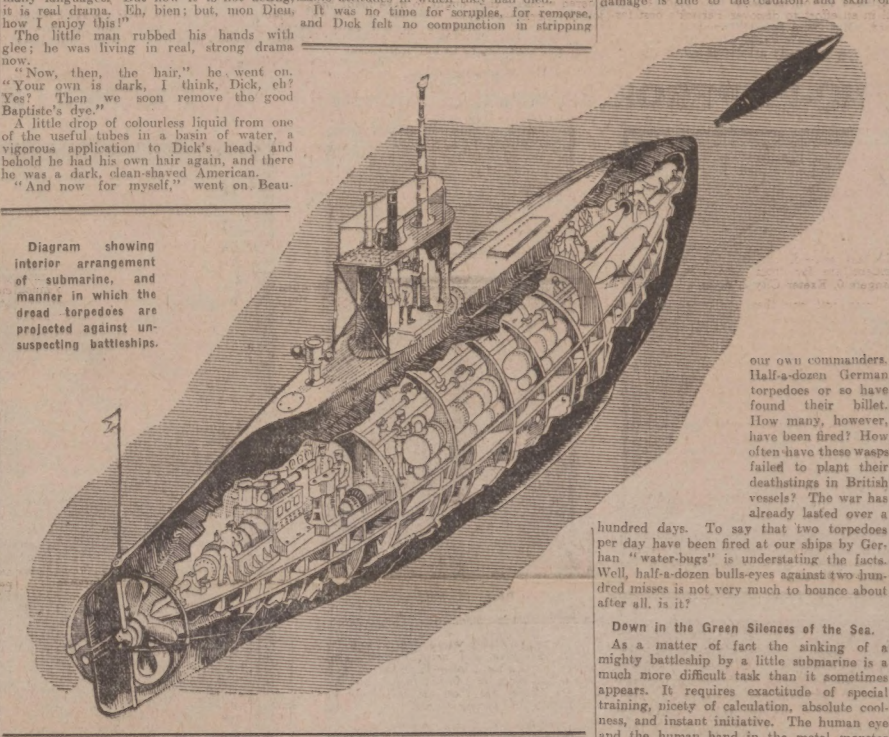


Diagram showing interior arrangement of submarine, and manner in which the dread torpedoes are projected against unsuspecting battleships.

one of the bodies of the coat, which fitted very loosely, for all German officers are large men. He slipped it on over his own, put on the cap, Beautemps having done the same, and then he and Henri walked boldly down the stairs with one box, placed it in the hall in charge of a porter, and then went back to fetch the others—three in all there were, big heavy trunks containing Henri's and his wife's changes of clothing.

"Number two! With number three we're finished. We'll put them on to a cab and the gentle porter will see the supposed policemen drive away with their booty."

And both the men smiled as they thought of the fat German porter's servile obedience to the two policemen who were seizing the goods of a suspected resident of the flats. He would willingly agree to take charge of the boxes until they were ready to go.

"Now, then, give us a hand with this, Dick," said Henri. "My word, it's heavy! Hallo, what's there? The telephone? Who on earth can it be? Come on, Dick, we won't answer it, we won't answer it!"

"Yes, yes, we'd better, we'd better," said Dick. "It might be something worth knowing. Here, I'll answer it because my German's better than yours, Henri, and I can speak the dialect. Hallo? Hallo?" he said, as he took up the receiver and listened. "Yes, it's Kreutzner. Yes, mein Herr, we have them all. We will bring them along directly. The Englishman? Oh, yes, we have him too. Oh, he is quite safe! Oh, no, he can't escape. Oh, I think that is hardly necessary. Very good, mein Herr, as you say, very good."

Dick banged the receiver back and turned quickly to Beautemps, and in spite of himself his voice quivered a little.

"That was Baumeister; Baumeister himself," he said. "He asked if it was Kreutzner. I suppose Kreutzner is the head of the squad that came to arrest us. He wanted to know if we'd got them all right; if we had arrested all who were here; and, above all, if we had the young Englishman, the man with the fair hair. You heard what I said—that we would bring them along—but he said that wasn't necessary, for he had every exit to the street guarded, and I was to wait with the prisoners down in the hall, and not to stir an inch away from the flats, and he would come up himself with a file of soldiers. He was determined that the Britisher should not escape. Great Scot, Henri, we seem in a nice fix! He'll be along here directly himself with those cursed soldiers of his. This disguise, this uniform, won't help us. And there's the luggage, too; We must get that away. Great goodness, we're in a muddle now and no mistake! And the women, too, Ellice and your wife; they'll be waiting for us in the cafe, and they may be spotted too. By Jove, we must hurry up and do something! Every moment's precious. Every exit from the street guarded! That means that he has plain clothes men all around. They'd spot us in a minute if we tried to drive away with the luggage; they'd know we weren't their men. I say, Henri, one must think; one must think!"

"The boxes; the boxes! We must have them, for without them we are lost!" cried Beautemps. "All our clothes, so necessary for disguise; all our wigs, our false hair, and the paints of things are there. Well," my gay Dick, you take this. At anyrate, we can account for ten."

He handed Dick the silent little air pocket pistol.

"Yes, but we want to get away without any confusion, before any bother is possible," said Dick. "Now, let me see! Through the window? Could we get out that way? You'll have to leave one trunk, Henri, for we can't take this down now. There may be a plain clothes man on the very doorstep. No, the window's no good! There's no balcony or any way of getting out through the window except by a sheer drop. And, look here, you can just see the front of the flats by leaning out, and there's a man walking up and down. I bet you anything he's a spy. By Jove, I've got it! I've got it, Henri! Back to the kitchen once more. I wonder whether those Johnnies use handcuffs?"

Into the kitchen again rushed Dick, and after a salute, up the stairs. "Baumeister

THE WAR WASPS OF THE SEA.

How They Plant Their Death Sting.

Britain Possesses Most Wonderful Submarine In Existence.

IT is agreed by naval experts—not alone in our own country—that while we have suffered losses through submarine attack these have not been of such a nature as to cause depression or to reduce our effective fighting strength in any way.

Indeed, Mr Churchill stated the other day that our fleet was stronger at all points than at the beginning of the war, and he pretty plainly hinted that particular attention was being paid to that branch of the service upon which Germany is principally relying.

Our superiority in the "wasps of the sea," as submarines have not been inappropriately termed, is unquestioned, and there is no denying the daring and courage of our submarine crews. We have had notable successes in this branch of modern naval warfare which the public are apt to overlook, forgetting that in the very nature of things our ships are compelled continually to expose themselves to the enemy.

The latter's war of attrition, however, has so far not held out much hope of our fleet ever being whittled down to such an extent that the German Navy can engage us in equal combat, as is their object and desire. The ships we have lost have been of little fighting value. That is the sober truth, and is not stated in order solely to minimise the feats of our enemy.

Indeed no one with a sense of fairplay but will admit that the German submarines are handled by capable and courageous men. That we have escaped with so little material damage is due to the caution and skill of our own commanders. Half-a-dozen German torpedoes or so have found their billet. How many, however, have been fired? How often have these wasps failed to plant their deathstings in British vessels? The war has already lasted over a hundred days. To say that two torpedoes per day have been fired at our ships by German "water-bugs" is understating the facts. Well, half-a-dozen bulls-eyes against two hundred misses is not very much to bounce about after all, is it?

Down in the Green Silences of the Sea.

As a matter of fact the sinking of a mighty battleship by a little submarine is a much more difficult task than it sometimes appears. It requires exactitude of special training, nicety of calculation, absolute coolness, and instant initiative. The human eye and the human hand in the metal monster must be perfect, with never a fear crouching in the one or disconcerting the other's movements. And, though it has been brought to amazing perfection, the operation of a submarine in itself is attended by never-ceasing peril.

Here is a vivid pen picture of the interior of a submarine as it prepares to launch its deadly weapon at the enemy. The officer watches his prey standing huge against the sky-line through the glasses of his periscope while he remains practically invisible and submerged fifteen feet below the surface. Then he dives to 30 feet or 50 feet, steers by time and compass, and rises within firing distance of his prey.

Down in the green silences of the sea, effaced from the world of the free sunshine above the twilight depths, moving along the dim reaches like the shadow of some pelagian monster, the submarine slips away on its mission of destruction. The mechanical eye, which can scan all quarters of the open sea at a glance, and brought to uncanny perfection by the genius of war, has been closed; and the human eye, geared to the hand that guides the craft, cannot see far in advance. It is as though the navigator were sailing through a light fog. The craft is in a liquid mist, and those aboard have the complete detachment from the earth and the loss of the sense of direction of an airman daring the ocean of the clouds.

A row of pistol triggers are before him electrically connected with the torpedo tubes. He takes deliberate aim at 550 feet of broadside and pulls the trigger.

There is a heavy thud, a slight alteration in the trim, and a torpedo, driven by heated air, controlled with uncanny precision by the gyroscope, goes speeding away at 40 miles an hour. He can then instantly disappear below to his original depth and speed away.

How the Attacking Submarine Escapes

The proper method of attack, in the opinion of a famous expert, is for the submarine to run on a level keel a sufficient distance below the surface so that when the periscope and the omniscope—which, by means of the direction-indicating devices, aim the torpedo—are withdrawn there is absolutely nothing on the surface to betray the fact that there is a submarine in the vicinity.

The periscope is kept housed except at the moment of taking observation. Range-finding and direction-indicating devices keep the operator advised as to the position of the enemy. Observations may be made by suddenly shooting the head of the periscope just above the surface and rapidly withdrawing it.

As two or three seconds may suffice for observation purposes, it is easily seen how difficult it is to train guns on the head of the periscope, particularly as at a distance of a couple of thousand yards the periscope would be invisible even to a very powerful glass. When the periscope remains above the surface long enough to create a wake, there is more likelihood of the submarine being detected, as the wake would denote the presence of a submerged craft.

The Deadly Torpedo.

What about the torpedo fired by the under-sea-boat—the death-sting of the sea wasp?

It is a steel cylinder, generally sixteen feet long, very like a cigar in shape, tapering to a point at the nose, and becoming smaller like a fish towards the tail. In diameter the torpedo is, as a rule, eighteen inches; there is also a larger one of twenty-one inches in diameter and twenty-four feet in length, which weighs nearly one and a half tons.

The torpedo might almost be likened to a perfect little submarine boat, packed with the most ingenious machinery ever invented by man. The fore part of it, extending to about one-third of its length, is the war-head of the torpedo. This is filled with wet gun-cotton, and it is this which explodes and blows up the stricken ship. Right in the extreme tip of the nose of the weapon is the striker, which, as soon as it hits an object, plunges inwards and explodes a primer of fulminate of mercury, which in turn explodes the gun-cotton.

Wet gun-cotton, it may be explained, is comparatively harmless. It burns easily, but does not explode unless it gets a tremendous shock, such as is produced by another explosion. This shock is brought about by the fulminate.

The middle section of the torpedo is filled with compressed air, which is used to drive the little engine that works the propellers. Behind the compressed-air chamber is another compartment called the balance chamber. This contains the gyroscope, which spins like a top, and works a series of levers that maintain the balance of the torpedo.

In the next compartment is the tiny four-cylinder compressed-air engine, geared to the propeller shaft; and behind this, in the tail of the torpedo, is the buoyancy chamber. Of course, the compressed air chamber also gives buoyancy to the torpedo.

Straight on its Course.

On the tail of the torpedo, set at the top and bottom, are two vertical fins, which keep the missile straight on its course, and which help to prevent the torpedo from revolving in the water. Set at right angles to these fins are the two horizontal rudders which make the torpedo travel at the required depth beneath the surface of the sea.

Behind the rudders are two three-bladed screws, set on the same shaft. It was found that one screw gave the missile a bias in a certain direction—that is, it tended to make the torpedo keep bearing away either to the left or to the right, and, naturally, if it only went far enough it would travel in a circle. So two propellers were fitted, and made to turn in opposite directions. Thus the thrust of one to the right was counteracted by the thrust of the other to the left, and in this way the torpedo was compelled to keep a true course.

The fact that some of our torpedoed ships have gone to the bottom in a few minutes is said to be due to the character of the explosive used in the German torpedo. Instead of gun-cotton, the Germans use T.N.T., or trinitrotoluene. It is a rival to picric acid (of which lyddite is a form), and is derived from nitric acid and toluene. Of course, T.N.T. is no monopoly of Germany, and we may be here any moment, and I'm sweating all over. It's running down my back; I can feel it."

"Well, anyway we can account for ten!" whispered back Beautemps below his breath.

Back down the stairs came the agents with the box

"That's right," said Dick; "put it with the other two. Now call me a cab! And in the next round the corner you'll find two women."

He rapidly described Ellice and Madame Beautemps. "Arrest them and bring them here at once."

"Oh, if only, if only we can get two minutes more we're safe, we're safe!" said Dick as the two agents hurried off to the cafe. "Only two minutes more and we're free!"

In a few seconds the agents returned with Ellice and Madame Beautemps. They had hurried, for they thought that the sharp, curt orders came from the genuine original Baumeister.

Ellice and Madame Beautemps had, of course, been considerably alarmed when they were arrested in the café by these two strangers, but they quelled their fears and went quietly back with their captors to the flats, and when they saw who was standing there waiting for them their hearts leapt with the joy of relief.

The agents had brought a cab with them, and as this Beautemps, as the supposed Englishman, was bundled, and then Dick commanded one of the men to handcuff the two women together.

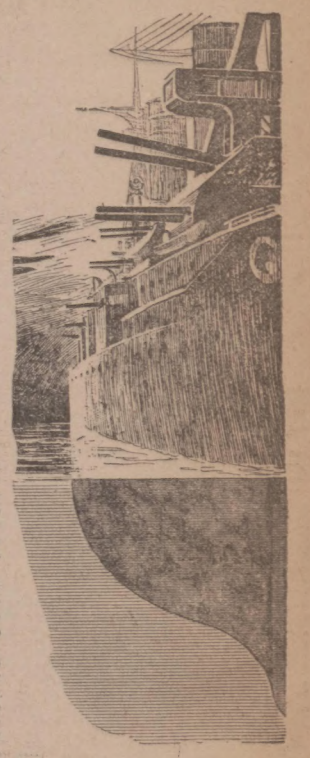
"I haven't my handcuff key with me," he said. "Give me one. The boxes are on the top? Right! Now, there are a number of men posted round here; tell them they can all go. Just walk with the cab to the corner and see us safely through, so that I needn't look out of the window. I don't want to be seen more than is absolutely necessary in this disguise."

It came off beautifully. The cab with its four occupants passed the plain clothes men that were guarding that end of the street, and just as Dick leant out to tell the driver to hurry up, at the other end of the street which they were leaving there approached a file of soldiers headed by a motor car. Dick looked back for a second through the little window at the back of the cab.

"I believe that's Baumeister in his car!" he said. "Just in time! But I'd give something to see his face when he finds that we're gone."

"Ah!" grinned Monsieur Beautemps, "and when he finds his five dead men!"

How will Dick and his friends proceed now? What about passports? They may be stopped any moment and asked to show their papers. Next week's instalment is thrilling in the extreme.



can depend upon our Admiralty using it if they deem it expedient and necessary.

Britain Building Largest Submarine in Existence.

What of the future of the submarine? In this war the Dreadnought will yet demonstrate that she is arbiter of the sea. But every fresh development in submersible craft opens up entirely new vistas regarding the navies which will engage in the next great war. Indeed the day is now upon us when seagoing submarines of high surface speed will accompany the main fleet on the high seas. We are building the largest submarines in existence, which are intended to be as seaworthy while on the surface as the latest type of destroyer. Their surface speed will be not less than 21 knots, and they will have a submerged speed of from 15 to 16 knots; will carry six torpedo tubes, and the surface displacement will be about 1500 tons.

Already a Russian naval officer has perfected the plans for a "submersible cruiser," which can be lowered in the water until her decks are awash, presenting little or no target to an enemy, and rendering her grey-painted self almost invisible. A craft such as this, should it prove practical, equipped with the new "heavy oil burners"—a type of smokeless engine recently perfected—would give to the great battleships of the world a type possessing many of the advantages which now make the submarines the most dreaded form of maritime war engine.

ARRESTED AS A SPY IN GERMAN LINES.

Courageous Englishwoman's Ordeal.

In her captivating little book—"An Englishwoman's Adventures in the German Lines" (published by C. Arthur Pearson, Limited)—Miss Gladys Lloyd tells how, during her stay in the Belgian village of Manhay, she was arrested as a spy. Momentary imprudence in popping her head out of a window when some German troops were passing cost her her liberty, and brought her many nerve-shattering, terrible hours.

Driven off in an armoured motor car to the frontier with incriminating papers—a Russian passport, an unsent telegram to an editor, and some journalistic notes about the war—in her possession, Miss Lloyd did not lose her nerve.

Searched by the German commandant, who understood a "leetle English," Miss Lloyd had her editorial wire and notes fluttered in her face.

"I explain away what I can," she writes, "and confess the rest. I do not confess that, though no spy, I have a diary about the war concealed in my hair. Thank goodness, they have not found that yet.

"Two more inquisitors arrive. If there exist such beings as military governors of this German town they are "it." Their close-cropped hair, fierce mustachios, and fiercer questions play havoc with my fortitude."

A Terrible Predicament.

A long string of questions follow. Being of the "have-you-left-off-beating-your-wife" kind of question, Miss Lloyd is quite incompetent to answer, whereupon the inquisitors exclaim, "Il nous bandera les yeux!"

"The prison walls seem closing in on me," writes Miss Lloyd of this terrible moment. "I see myself, already blindfolded, led out. I make one last effort.

"'In England ladies do not spy,' I say.

My enemies glare at me with looks of such bitter, cold contempt that something seems to give way in my poor little overwrought brain. I seize a handful of my papers, crumple them up, and fling them full in the face of my tormentor-in-chief.

"'England über alles,' I cry in a voice that surprises myself. Then I sit down abruptly and listen to the stertorous conversation which ensues between my foes. I single out the word "gefangeve" (prisoner), and gather that, while the inquisitors counsel my instant annihilation, the Bourgmeestre has other plans in view.

Through the intervention of the latter it was decided that Miss Lloyd be taken to Cologne as a prisoner of war. Immediately the inquisitors had taken their departure the Bourgmeestre suddenly remembered that his wife, in searching the prisoner, had not looked "under her hat." Miss Lloyd likewise recollects her diary concealed in her hair, and, feigning illness, asks for a few minutes in her room.

How the Diary Vanished.

I stagger to the door, across the passage, into the little back bedchamber. The door is closed, the key grates in the lock. I remove my hat, take down my hair, and throw my diary in the jug of water. Having pulped it well, I tear it quickly into small pieces. These I hastily cram into my mouth, and masticate and swallow as best I may. The pulpy mixture has a horrible flavour, but it goes down—that is the main point. I twist up my hair again and put on my hat. None too soon, for the door opens and the Bourgmeestre's wife and her friend appear.

"Take off your hat," they say.

I comply. I even graciously ask them to feel my hair. They both do so. They are satisfied.

After being conveyed to Cologne Miss Lloyd was there set at liberty, and through the good offices of the American Consul was enabled to quit the land of the Teuton. Her delight at setting foot again on British soil may be judged by the impulse she felt to kiss the "dear, sweet, dirty, sweet soil"—she saw on the pier at Folkestone!

Tipperary in German.

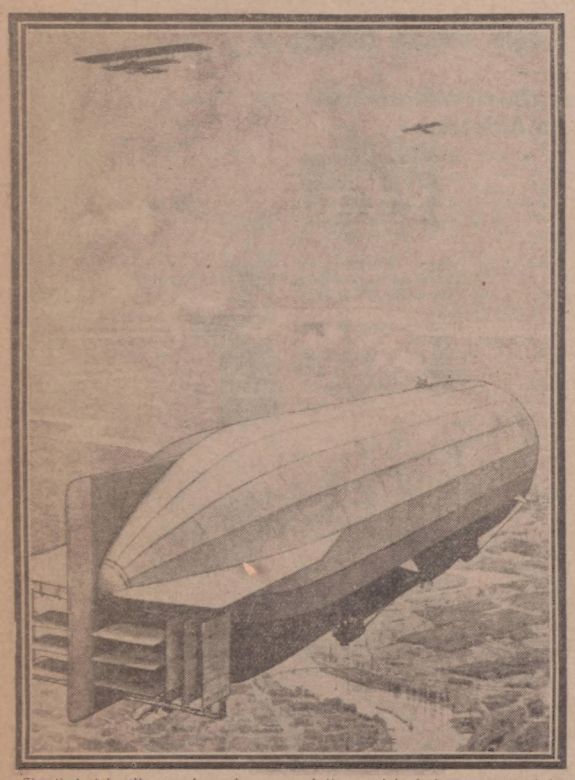
(By Our Special Translator.)

Ach hock bockenberger mit Tippenweiner
Gazellashaft pretzelberger noch
Ach hock bockenberger mit Tippenweiner
Was ist lagerbier hoch
Aufweidershen Unter den Linden
Aufweidershen Leisterberg Souare.
Ach blickt longemurst Tippenweiner
Alme hars brewery herr!

The Post Sunday Special

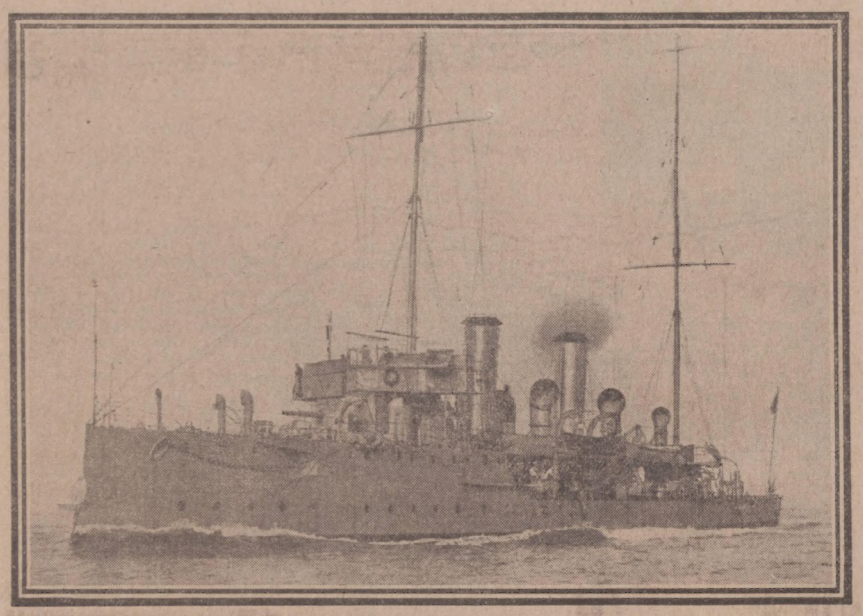
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1914.

THE WAR IN THE AIR.



Shooting at hostile aeroplanes from one of the special platforms constructed on top of the latest type of Zeppelin. The picture is from a photo taken by Professor Zeno Diener.

H.M.S. NIGER.



H.M.S. Niger, which was torpedoed off Deal on Wednesday. Thousands of people witnessed the sinking of the vessel, which had been lying about two miles from the shore. This is the first time a German submarine has penetrated right into the Downs. A small cruiser flying the Dutch flag and lying quite near the Niger put to sea in the morning in a half gale, and it is suspected her flag was only a feint to enable her to cover the movements of the submarine.

MASCOT FOR LONDON WELSH.

Howel J. Williams, J.P., L.C.C., has presented Captain Davis and the men of the London Welsh Regiment with a goat as a mascot. Our picture shows the new mascot.

GUARDING ROUTE FOR THEIR KING-EMPEROR.

At the opening of Parliament by His Majesty the King some of our Indian troops lined the route of the Royal procession. They were the recipients of enthusiastic recognition from the vast crowds.

RUSSIA'S COMMANDER IN-CHIEF.

The Grand Duke Nicholas, the brilliant leader of the Russian armies. The picture was taken at his headquarters.

FRENCH SENEGALESE IN BELGIUM.

A bivouac of Senegalese troops on the edge of the railway outside Nieuport, Belgium.

THE BATTLE IN WEST BELGIUM.

Dixmude's main street—a heap of ruins. The fighting here has been terrific. After all, the capture of this township by the Germans is regarded as of no military or strategic importance.

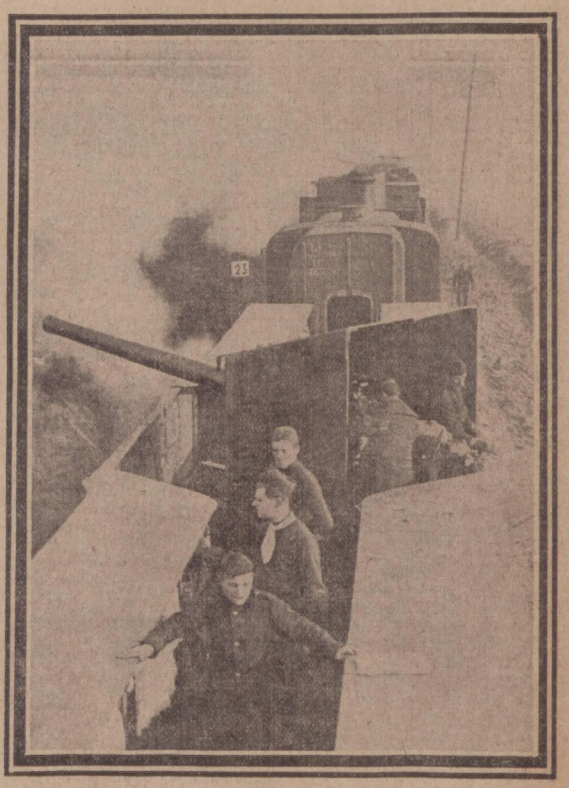
MUD BATHS IN FASHION.

During the attack on Armentieres and Arras the Germans brought to bear a new type of mortar, throwing a two-hundredweight projectile. The shells buried themselves in the soft earth, and did nothing more than give the men in the trenches a mud bath.

RED CROSS WORKERS AS PRISONERS.

Our picture, taken in the Internment Camp at Senne, shows a group of British Red Cross workers who have fallen prisoners in the hands of the Germans.

A TRAVELLING FORTRESS.



This armoured train has done well, and has repeatedly proved a thorn in the side of the Germans. Our picture shows it in action, manned by British naval gunners and Belgians. The Germans dislike this travelling fortress, which, so far, has withstood all their efforts to throw it out of action.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., GLASGOW.